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THE SLAVIN-SMITH FIGHT.

THE NATIONAL POLICE GAZETTE THE LEADING ILLUSTRATED SPORTING JOURNAL IN AMERICA

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RICHARD K. FOX,
Editor and Proprietor.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JANUARY 4, 1890.

VOLUME LV.—No. 643.
Price Ten Cents.



THEY RAN A SNIDE GAME.

A "FRIENDLY" POKER SCHEME EXPOSED AT BOGOTA, N. J., BY ONE OF THE PLAYERS SQUEALING.



RICHARD K. FOX, Editor and Proprietor.
POLICE GAZETTE PUBLISHING HOUSE,
Franklin Square, N. Y.

FOR THE WEEK ENDING
SATURDAY, JANUARY 4, 1890.

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RETROSPECTIVE AND ANTICIPATORY.

We take up our pen in our hand to inform the readers of the *POLICE GAZETTE* that we are well, hoping that these few lines will find them the same, and to wish them a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

We could write pages concerning our successful efforts in the past on behalf of the readers of the *POLICE GAZETTE*, and pages more regarding what we purpose doing in the future, but our readers know the old story and have confidence enough in us to trust in us for the new.

As in the past, no pains, labor or money will be spared in the future to make the *POLICE GAZETTE* what it aims to be, the leading journal of its class in the world. Volumes could not indicate more.

Once more, a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year to the *POLICE GAZETTE* readers, one and all, and to the decidedly small remnant of readers who are gradually but none the less surely coming into our camp.

THE Slavin-Smith fight at Bruges, Belgium, on Dec. 23 proved the fiasco anticipated by all lovers of fair sports. Smith was no match for Slavin, and the former's friends, appreciating that fact, terminated the fight in a decidedly impromptu manner. Our special cablegram from Mr. George W. Atkinson, the *POLICE GAZETTE* commissioner in Europe, tells the story.

THIS week we devote considerable space to the doings of our amateur contingent of the athletic world. We propose to watch these brawny, sport-loving fellows, and naught that will interest them will be overlooked in the forthcoming issues of the *POLICE GAZETTE*. We will watch them, and all we ask in return is that they keep at least one eye on us.

THE Gibbons-Cushing fight, which was decided recently near this city proved a Waterloo to "Mike, the Brooklyn Boy," and added a feather to the cap of the Paterson youth. It was a fierce encounter from beginning to finish, and when, finally, in the twenty-fourth round, Cushing was forced to succumb to the sledge-hammer blows of his antagonist, the spectators acknowledged that Gibbons was the better man of the two. This decision was, however, tinged with a certain amount of querulousness, as it was stated that Cushing was not in good form. The men will, no doubt, meet again, and when they do it will be a slashing mill and a fight for keeps.

We take something of a new departure this week and enter a comparatively new field of labor, so far as personalities are concerned. Special correspondents and artists have swooped down upon Chicago and have dished up the celebrities of the city by the lake in a manner peculiar to the brainy eccentricities of the *POLICE GAZETTE* staff. The result of their researches will be found on another page. This is a specimen of *POLICE GAZETTE* enterprise, and pretty soon, if not sooner, we will be heard from in another Wild Western town. We are determined to work our way into the affections of everybody on the face of the earth, and we are going to do it if we burst a trace.

MASKS AND FACES

Chips from Chicago---McVicker and Hooley---Managers and Critics.

HENDERSON AND HAYLIN.

Morton and Davis---Hamlin and Jacobs---Barrooms and Box Offices.

FAKIRS AND FIZZES.

It is worth while to ride twenty-four hours to interview Jas. H. McVicker, of McVicker's Theatre, Chicago. I made the trip last week, and in this article I'll speak, in my rambling way, not only of McVicker, but of all



JAMES H. McVICKER.

the managers and box office men, the prominent dramatic critics and white-aproned barroom hosts of Theatricals of the Windy City.

McVicker was born in 1822 in New York. He is now a grave, bearded old gentleman, severe of aspect, with a keen love of the dramatic classics.

He began life as a printer's apprentice. His first venture in theatricals was made in New Orleans in the forties.

He was actor, too, just like Ford, of Baltimore, and Albaugh, of Washington.

McVicker has had some prominent people on the bills of his various houses.

Ada Isaacs Menken never came to theatre, he tells, without her big pet dog.

John Wilkes Booth was very popular, and his autograph was more in demand at a fair given in Chicago just before the war than that of any actor.

Gottshalk the pianist, who played at McVicker's, called an encore the postscript of genius. McVicker has also had William Warren, Scott Siddons, Olive Logan, Booth and Barrett, Frank Mayo and Charles Fechter in his house.

McVicker ranks here with Daly, Palmer and Frohman in New York. His son Horace McVicker, who is the acting manager of the house, was the active sufferer when Lillian Russell recently disappeared in quest of the owner of a pair of elliptical legs. Lew Sharpe, little, round and gray-headed, tends to the business. Archie Boyd, in the "Old Homestead," is giving a feeble imitation of Denham Thompson there this week.

Richard M. Hooley, familiarly known as "Uncle Dick," is the boss of Hooley's Theatre.

He is shortish and wiry, with a long, patriarchal beard.

Hooley, who was born in Ireland, like McVicker in 1822, also started into theatricals in the forties. He was a doctor for a time, before this, and an amateur fiddler.

His first regular theatrical connection was with Christy's Minstrels. He took out later Mr. and Mrs. Wood and Mr. and Mrs. Jas. Wallack. He managed minstrels at Niblo's, New York, and associated himself with Tom Maguire in Frisco.

In the year 1862 Hooley established Hooley's minstrels in Brooklyn, said to be the first permanent theatre in that enterprising city.

Among the twenty-two theatres in Chicago Hooley's occupies a high rank.

Frank Daniels, in "Little Puck," is disporting himself there now.

Harry J. Bowers, a clear-cut, blondish man, tends to the affairs of Hooley, and has a large circle of friends.

David Henderson, of the Chicago Opera House, flits continually between two cities. He has a pretty wife at the Lyceum, New York, and a fine theatre in Chicago.

Henderson, tall and athletic, with a stubblish moustache and penetrating eyes, produces showy burlesque at the Opera House, Chicago, regularly every summer,

just as McVicker rigs out a Shakespearian revival annually at McVicker's. McVicker generally loses money by his ventures in this direction, and Henderson makes it.

Tom Prior, shortish, stoutish, bespectacled and shorn of all his rude adornment on the upper lip, is the Hendersons' right-hand man.

He is genial and popular and a repository of theatrical anecdotes.

McCaull is here this week with "The Beggar Student," and Ben Stevens and Bury Dasant are in charge.

In the office of the Chicago Opera House the portrait of May Yohe is hung above that of Lawrence Barrett.

Yohe, whose escapades are famous and whose voice is a bastard contralto, has been recently mentioned in verse by Harry Fulton, man-about-town and journalist, in the *Chiff* of Lloyd Brezee, wittily thus:

Though Russell fair and Urquhart statueque,
Have been for days sole subjects of renown,
With sundry other queens of gay burlesque,
Their fortunes fade, now Yohe's come to town.

The queen of all returned to her own realm,
Her subjects haste to fall at her fair feet,
Midst other crests, I gladly low my helm,
And deem the privilege a boon full sweet.

L'ENVOI
These verses penned some days ago
Full-fitting seemed—but since, I'm pained to learn,
That Yohe, "true love" having come to know,
The homage of all men—but one—must spurn.

So hie to the clouds and the gloom of the day—
We'll sleep through 'em all, in the old sweet way,
And forget our old charmer in smoke and champagne,
Here, hustle there, boy, "and fill up again."

Under Henderson's Chicago Opera House is "The Opera," wherein Dan O'Brien deals out choice drinks to professionals and others at regular rates. It is nightly crowded in summer with theatrical people and hangers-on, guides, philosophers and friends.

Will H. Morton, heavy set, inclined to be bald, a favorite with the fair sex, and erstwhile a singer of topical songs, is at the head of the Columbia Theatre, a pretty house, where Victoria Vokes last week tried to cram two farces in her brightest manner down an obstinate public's throat. Morton used to be with Haverly and McCaull and was much admired by Lillian Russell.

His wife is Lilly Post and she is to create the leading part in the new Gilbert and Sullivan opera here.

Harry Fulton is one of Morton's lieutenants, and, as Nellie Desmond says, he knows his business.

As I stood in the lobby of the Columbia the other day William T. "Biff" Hall of the Chicago *Herald* came along.

Hall is a tall, dark and handsome man, with a rosy complexion and dark hair and eyes. His column is bright, newsworthy and popular. The items of Biff Hall have much of the pertinent breeziness of those of his namesake Blakely Hall.

Well, "Biff," as he is called by everybody, was in an anecdotic mood.

"I just saw Arthur Cambridge, the theatrical agent," said he. "He told me an odd yarn about Langtry when she played at McVicker's. It seems that when the Lilly was here she was sadly in want of an actor, and sent around to Cambridge. Cambridge sent a strapping fellow around to the Langtry, but in twenty minutes the strapping fellow came back to the office. 'What's up?' asked Cambridge. 'Oh, nothing,' answered the strapping fellow. 'I won't do. That's all. Costume is too large!'"

"Cambridge sent another actor, a bigger man, to Langtry. He came back smiling after an hour. 'Well?' asked Cambridge. 'How is it?' 'Oh, I'm all right,' answered the candidate. 'Lilly engaged me. Lilly had only one costume for the man who is to play that part. I'm all right. I fit the costume!'"

Will H. Davis, of the Haymarket Theatre, is a bald-headed, tall, slender man, who sports a bright red necktie and dazzles the mob with a diamond.

George Fair, handsome and popular, is his right-hand man.

Louis James was the star at the Haymarket last week, and Mabel Amber was his attractive, but not artistically efficient, leading woman.

I saw Elwyn Barron, dramatic critic of the *Inter-Ocean*, there one night. He is athletic, tall, blond, curly-haired, with a fair drooping moustache. His fondness for boxing and poetry is proverbial. He writes a scholarly and elaborate criticism, dislikes stage realism, but takes a secret interest in a prize fight.

E. J. "Teddy" McPhelim, who does the dramatic roasting for the *Tribune*, is tall, slender and ascetic.

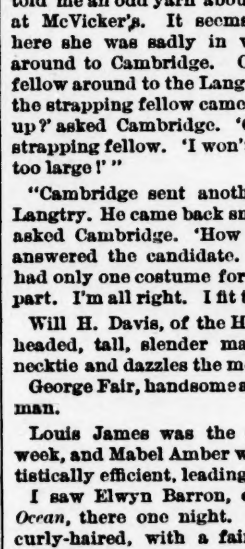
He dislikes advance agents, and once wrote on a visiting card satirizing them thus:

MR. COOL GALL,
REPRESENTATIVE OF
"CHECK."

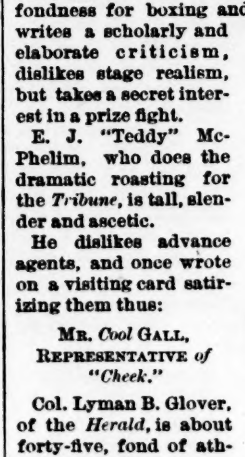
Col. Lyman B. Glover, of the *Herald*, is about forty-five, fond of athletics and jolly.

Major G. M. McConnell, of the *Times*, is small, slight, military in appearance; a pince nez is on his nose; a slouch hat on his head. His humor is dry, his style crisp.

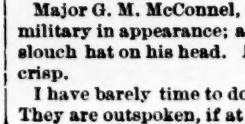
I have barely time to do justice to these able men. They are outspoken, if at times prolix. They are also



WILL MORTON.



MR. COOL GALL.



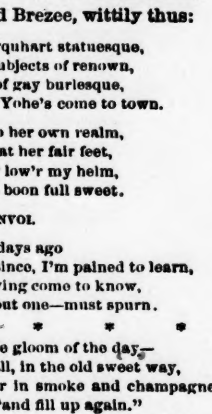
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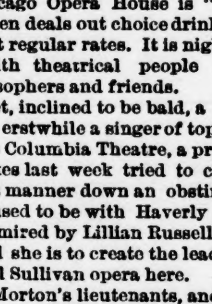
MAJOR G. M. MCCONNELL.



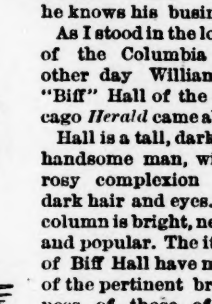
DAVID HENDERSON.



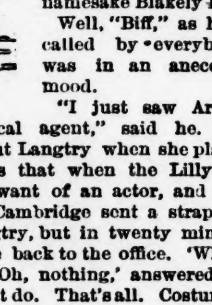
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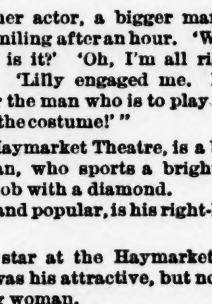
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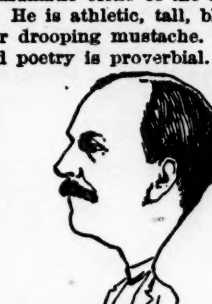
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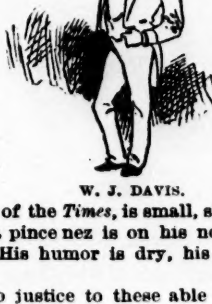
JOHN H. HAYLIN.



JOHN H. HAYLIN.



JOHN H. HAYLIN.



JOHN H. HAYLIN.

picturesque. Do you remember what Barron wrote of Sardon?

"He is a courtesan, who in 'La Tosca' has discovered a new sensualism and died in the ecstasy of its enjoyment."

I cannot speak in detail of Sam Kingston, of the *Mail*, of Cliff Hugenin, of the *Evening Journal*, and his long and heroic admiration for Molly Fuller; of Opie Reed, Paul Potter, Frank Connelly, men who, with trenchant and newsworthy pen, touch the theatricals that please the portpacers of this smoky and ambitious city.

J. A. Hamlin and Harry Hamlin, father and son, run the Grand Opera House. J. A. Hamlin is a loquacious little man with sharp eyes and a little tuft under his under lip. Harry Hamlin is medium-sized, athletic, fond of football and dramatic authorship. Old man Hamlin's cape coat doesn't fit him as snugly as Tony Denier's wig used to fit his head when, as the favorite clown of his day, he accumulated shekels and applause.

Tony Denier has a fine dramatic library, but the volume he likes best is his bank book. He lives in his own house here and owns property opposite the big Auditorium, and a son who, ambitious of social distinction, rides in fake fox chases.

Tony Denier hangs around the "Dizzy," a theatrical resort on Dearborn street frequented mostly by "Uncle Tom" actors, by Wagner and Hauschild. If you enter that place and happen to mention the name of that heroic and historic darkey aloud, ten to one half a dozen fakirs will look up from their papers and think they've been addressed.

"The Dizzy" was originally "The Shanty" opposite the old McVicker's, and was founded by Welsh. They say that Harry Phillips, husband of Kate Castleton, came in here one night, disguised as a policeman, at midnight sharp, and made all the bum actors clear out. There's a fellow hangs around "The Dizzy" whose name is Smeadley, I believe, who has never played anything but *Marks*, in "Uncle Tom," during all his stage life. He discards all other engagements, they say, and always insists on two bloodhounds in his.

From "The Dizzy" let us go to Hansen's, a great resort of beer-loving historians, on Dearborn street. Hansen is a Swede and makes lots of money. I saw in his place one night De Wolf Hopper, Jeff De Angellis, Herbert Cripps, Frank Bowers, Charles Dungan and Jimmy Ryan, the manager of Hattie Harvey, the dark-eyed young woman who recently tried to make a place for herself in the astronomy of Chicago. Women, as well as men, go to Hansen's, and the chorus of McCaull was there in force.

John Haylin, familiarly called "Jack," runs Haylin's in Chicago, Pope's in St. Louis and Haylin's in Cincinnati. Max O'Rell once said that Berlin has one big newspaper and that was edited in Cologne. Haylin has three theatres, and they're managed on the train. Haylin is a traveller, like Henderson. He keeps his eyes on different points like Jacobs, who also has two playhouses here. Jimmy Hutton, tall and thin, is Haylin's local manager and scenic artist. He talks business "on the bridge" or in front of a bar with equal facility. But he doesn't drink.

It is at Clayton's that you find the professionals who do drink, however.

Charles and David Clayton are the popular proprietors of this favorite haunt and the purveyors to the Turnover Club, which here holds its Saturday night meetings.

This a great big, sporty town, if you know it. The great resorts for those intent on festivity at night are Bachelors', French's, Weber's, Rector's, Boyle's and Lassagne's, each of which remind you somewhat, in their accoutrements, of the cabinets and supper rooms of Paris.

Chicago insists on shows on Sundays as well as other days, but it has none of the choice and artistic sacred concerts we have in New York.

On the muddy streets I catch a glimpse of many noted theatrical people.

There is Bruno Kennicott, the Mephistopheles representative of Mike Leavitt of the Windsor Theatre.

There is J. Chenet, right hand of H. R. Jacobs of the Clark Street Theatre.

There is Alf Johnson, of the Criterion, in a damp plug and a long ulster.

There is Joe Baylies, of the People's, with a grip in his hand, making a train for a trotting meeting.

There's Eden, the theatrical barber, who pays \$14,000 rent for his shop and is sick of burlesque; and Epstein, the keeper of a big museum, and Al Beaumont, the advertising man, who drives his own coach and pair.

There are Tim Boni and George Bowron, two noted orchestra leaders, going to the Union for beer, both worst and congenial company.

And Willie McConnell, tall, slender, and well built, is on those muddy sidewalks, too, thinking perhaps of the days when he ran a theatre in Brooklyn.

The first nighters of Chicago were out in full numbers at the Patti opening at the Auditorium.

Col. Billy Lyon, who knows everybody and whose office hours are elastic, was there. They say he carried the Jansen grip when Pease, of Philadelphia, was around. Walter Singer, Steve King, Studebaker, Snyder, Nicholas, Irwin and the Viscount Achille de Verdalle were all there in full evening regalia, and discussed, between the acts, cocktails and Patti over a magnificent new counter.

But Eugene Field, of the *News*, was not there. He is in Europe on a vacation. Occasionally he sends over paragraphs and verses. He likes rare books and odd prints. He likes actors and actresses almost as well as does Joe Howard. And Field likes those actresses especially whose dresses do not begin too soon nor end too late.

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EXTRA!

A FIZZLE FIGHT.

The Fiasco Between Slavin and Smith in Bruges, Belgium.

SMITH KNOCKED SILLY,

And Then His Friends Run the Machine.

DISGRACEFUL SCENES.

A Novel Way of Deciding Supremacy.

SLAVIN IS THE BETTER MAN.

He Proved It by Doing as He Pleased With Smith.

A MONKEY AND PARROT TIME.

[WITH ILLUSTRATIONS AND PORTRAITS.]

[FROM GEORGE W. ATKINSON, POLICE GAZETTE COMMIS-
SIONER.]

BRUGES, Belgium, Dec. 23.
The long-pending fistic encounter between Jem Smith, the champion of England, and Frank P. Slavin, the champion of Australia, for £400 and the championship of England, was fought to-day near Bruges, Belgium, and ended in a draw after fourteen rounds had been fought.

After the umpires were selected the umpires and referee took up their positions. The colors of the men were tied to the stakes and the seconds gave their

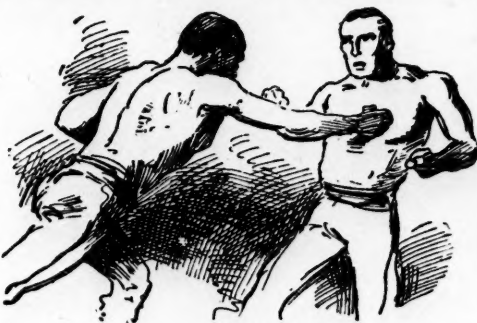


GIVE AND TAKE.

champions a final rubdown. Slavin's seconds then examined the spikes in Smith's fighting shoes and all was ready for the fray. On time being called the rivals faced each other, Slavin smiling, while Smith had a peculiar, but determined look. Slavin commenced hostilities and forced the fighting amid shouts of £100 to £70 on Slavin.

In the first two rounds Slavin forced the fighting and got in some heavy blows on Smith's head and chest. Both men fell together at the end of the second round, and Slavin arose bleeding from the mouth. In the third Smith sent his right and left home with telling effect, and Slavin ended the round by knocking Smith down.

In the fourth and fifth rounds the fighting was fast and furious. In the sixth Slavin landed a terrific



A BODY BLOW.

blow on Smith's eye. Smith fought Slavin to the ropes in the seventh round and some of the crowd kicked Slavin several times. Neither Smith's nor Slavin's seconds made protest against this action by the ring-siders.

In the eighth round Slavin knocked Smith completely off his pins. The spectators again attacked Slavin in the ninth round and struck him repeatedly.

The tenth round was featureless. In the eleventh round Slavin again sent Smith to grass. The twelfth round was tame.

In the thirteenth round Smith's sympathizers again attacked Slavin, Smith having been again knocked down.

In the fourteenth round the Australian clearly demonstrated his superiority over the English champion; the latter was groggy, and showed the effects of the terrible battering he had received, and when he advanced to the centre of the ring it was plain to even the English champion's admirers that the battle was nearly



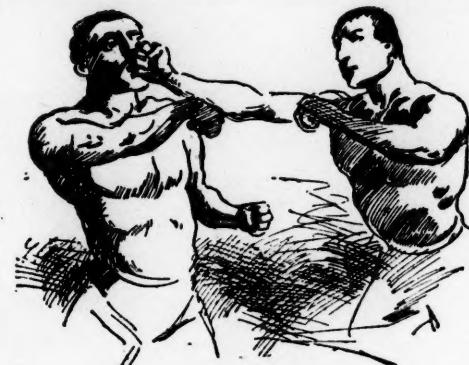
A WHACK ON THE EAR.

ended. Slavin, who had been punished severely, was the strongest of the two, and evidently held victory in his grasp. Slavin, by the advice of his seconds, forced the fighting and landed several terrific blows on Smith's body, and followed up his advantage by a tremendous blow on Smith's neck, which sent the champion staggering all over the ring. A demonstration then ensued in Smith's corner. Baldock yelled foul, and Jack Harper, his assistant, also shouted foul.

In an instant Smith's hirelings tore down the ropes, and Slavin's friends shouted to Joe Verzy, the referee, to keep the ring clear. It would have taken a regiment of the guards to keep order, for like a flash of lightning the partisans were jostling and fighting, and weapons of all descriptions were used, of which revolvers and knuckle-dusters were the most prominent.

Smith, in the meantime, sat in his corner, dazed and watching the row. The referee assisted in preventing many from being maimed and wounded by declaring the battle a draw.

The match came about in this way: Frank P. Slavin,

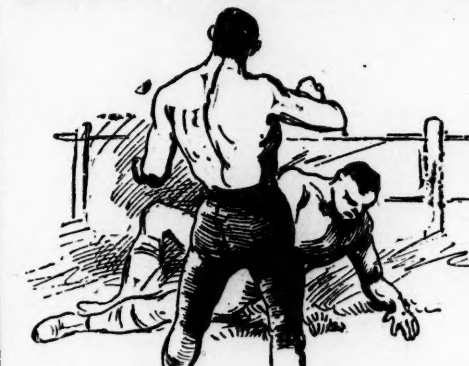


FIRST BLOOD.

after defeating all challengers in Australia, came to this country, put up a forfeit and issued a challenge to fight any man in the world for £200 a side and the "Police Gazette" champion belt, held by John L. Sullivan, the Yankee champion. Slavin offered to take expenses and fight in America or allow expenses and fight in France. Sullivan had no time to respond to the Australian's offer, for Jem Smith, who had previously challenged the American to fight for the "Police Gazette" champion belt (which he had fought a draw for with Kilrain), at once picked up the gauntlet and agreed to meet the Australian. A meeting was had and a match ratified for a battle according to London prize ring rules for £200 a side.

In the meantime Slavin was matched for a glove contest with Bill Goode for £200, which he won easily, and Smith also took on a similar match with Peter Jackson, which ended in Smith's defeat.

Slavin went into training at Margate for his battle



SLAVIN DOWNING SMITH.

with Smith after all the stakes had been posted with C. Blakelock, the final stakeholder, while Smith went into training quarters at Brighton. While the men were preparing for the fray speculation was brisk, and large commissions were put on Slavin, the bulk of the money coming from Sydney, Melbourne and New Zealand. In fact, there was so much money behind the Australian that Smith, who was at first the favorite, fell in the betting and Slavin was the first choice at 6 to 4.

As the day for the battle approached Smith's backers, it is said, were eager to break off the fight. Slavin was arrested, but on furnishing bonds he was allowed to go scot free, when it was known he would not fight in England. Smith's backers then came to the conclusion that their champion must fight or forfeit, and they engaged twenty-five well-picked men to accompany the champion to Belgium, and "win, tie or wrangle," was their motto. The Australian was informed that if he did not have a strong corner he would not receive fair play, and Slavin's backers at once made arrangements to have a number of select men, with peaceful ideas of the Quaker order, at the ring.

Tickets to the battle were limited; nevertheless, a

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RICHARD E. FOX, Franklin Square, New York City.

large delegation crossed the Silver Streak to the trying place.

John Fleming and Dunning, of the Sportsman, with the sanction of the stakeholder, selected the battleground. The ring had been erected on a private estate and the party cleverly eluded the gendarmes, who believed the battle would be fought at Chantilly.

Both men entered the ring in first-class condition. Smith weighed 185 pounds, Slavin 185 pounds.

Charley Mitchell, who seconded Frank P. Slavin, the Australian champion, in his battle with Jem Smith, is indignant at the foul play Slavin received at the hands of the Smith mob from London and Birmingham, who robbed him out of the battle by breaking into the ring and inaugurating a free fight when Slavin had Smith knocked out.

Mitchell has issued a challenge to fight Smith, and offers to wager £1,000 that he can knock him out in 12 rounds.

Mitchell has also challenged Peter Jackson to fight ten or twelve rounds before he leaves for New York for £1,000.

GEO. W. ATKINSON.

A MONKEY AND DOG TIME.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

A fight between the thoroughbred English bulldog Jack and an African gorilla occurred recently at Van Wert, Ohio. The dog was owned by W. H. Stewart, of Fort Wayne, Ind., and weighed about forty pounds. The ape belonged to Marion, Ind., and was nearly twice as heavy. The stakes were a \$1,000 purse. As soon as the animals faced each other the dog fastened his teeth in the ape's neck, but seemed unable to penetrate the thick hide of the latter. Quick as a flash the gorilla had the dog in his long arms and broke his back by main strength. He sunk his long tusks repeatedly into the neck and spine of the bulldog until the blood flowed in streams. The dog was utterly helpless, and his owner threw up the sponge to save him from being killed just as the dog fell over dead.

A ROCKY MOUNTAIN DETECTIVE.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

None are more feared in the Northwest by lawbreakers than Capt. W. W. Lane, Chief of First Division Rocky Mountain Detective Rangers. The chief is 45 years of age, six feet high, a dead shot with a revolver and an expert at handling a bowie knife. Much credit is due Capt. Lane for the capture of "Redpath," the leader of a gang of horse thieves and outthroats. He followed the gang for eight months, finally capturing Redpath and stringing him up, thus breaking up the band. He has command of 120 men, all of whom are ready at all times to do his bidding. His portrait appears in this issue.

WANTED TO BE COWBOYS.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

A very much excited old lady was chasing two young girls up West Fifth street, Cincinnati, a few days ago when Officer Brennaman took a turn in the race, and was soon in first place, capturing the young runaways. The old lady proved to be the mother of one of the girls. The girls were Ida Maloney, of 233 West Fifth street, and Anna Lillis, of 180 East Sixth street. They were taken to Central Station, where it developed that they were about to leave the city with "Broncho John's" gang of cowboys, who were exhibiting at the museum. Both girls were sent to the House of Detention.

GAMBLER VS. COOK.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

A gambler named Erwin entered the saloon of M. Tierne at Covington, Neb., recently, and walking up to James Toohy, a cook, knocked him down twice. Toohy rushed into the kitchen, and, returning with a huge butcher's knife, attacked Erwin. During the fight the cook drove the blade through the gambler's heart, it coming out at the back and sticking into the floor as Erwin fell. There were threats of lynching, and Toohy was taken to Dakota City for safety. No trouble had existed between the men previous to the tragedy so far as is known.

A NOTED OARSMAN.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

James Stansbury, the well-known oarsman, is a native of Shoalhaven, New South Wales. Stansbury's first attempt at rowing was in a skiff race at the Nowra Regatta, which he won. This was in the year 1885. His next appearance was at the Greenwell Point Regatta, in the same year, when he won both a skiff and an outrigger race. At the Nowra regatta in the following year (1888) he created a great surprise by winning four different races on the same day. Since then he has won many prominent races. His portrait will be found on another page.

"MARKS" ATTACKED IN EARNEST.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

A traveling troupe arrived in Pottstown, Pa., recently, where they were billed to play "Uncle Tom's Cabin." During the evening's performance one of the bloodhounds suddenly sprang upon William Crandall, who was acting the part of Marks, the lawyer, seized him by the throat, tearing the flesh and causing the blood to flow freely. The affair caused consternation on the stage and in the house. The infuriated beast was finally secured, and the actor's wounds dressed by a physician called from the audience. The play was continued after the excitement subsided.

PROMINENT YOUNG PUBLISHERS.

[WITH PORTRAITS.]

The portraits of two of the youngest publishers in New York State are presented elsewhere in this issue of the POLICE GAZETTE. Their whole lives have been spent at the printing business, and each one is able to manipulate 12,000 ems of leaden missiles per day. The senior member, Will Cornell is an expert bicyclist, and strides a 58-inch roadster, while the junior, Leon Smith is a crack shot with the rifle. They are both genial sporting gentlemen and great admirers of the national game, the famous Monitor nine of Schenectady (where they hold forth) bearing the name of their journal.

AN AFFABLE PARISIENNE.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

Every American who has visited Paris for the past twenty-three years is acquainted with Mlle. Duperron, for for that period the good woman has been proprietress of the Kiosque, at the corner of the Boulevard des Capucines and Rue Scribe. The pleasant features of Mlle. Duperron are reproduced in this issue of the POLICE GAZETTE, and are true to life. The always af-

fable newdealeress supplies the reading public with the record of the day's and week's doings, and among her largest sales are those of the POLICE GAZETTE, which has an enormous circulation in the bustling and ever lively city.

JEM SMITH AND JEM HOWES.

[WITH PORTRAITS.]

Jem Smith, the champion pugilist of England, with his trainer, Jemmy Howes, whose portraits appear in the POLICE GAZETTE, are well known in all parts of the world. Howes is classed one of the best trainers in England, and he trained Smith when the latter fought Alf Greenfield, and was also his trainer when he fought Jake Kilrain for \$10,000, the "Police Gazette" champion belt and the championship of the world. Howes superintended Smith's training for his match with Frank P. Slavin, Australia's champion.

RIVER PIRATES ON LAND.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

Marshal Mahone of Cairo, Ill., recently captured eleven river pirates. The gang recently made a raid on the offices of Nordman's stove factory, overpowered the watchman, and, blowing the safe to pieces, secured \$80 and valuable papers. Marshal Mahone and a posse followed them down the river in a tug and brought them back with their plunder. A fight was imminent when the tug with the officers was sighted by the fugitives, but the officers made them throw up their hands and corralled them.

DID HE GET HIS DESERTS?

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

Julius Hofer, a farm-hand employed by Abe Epperson, a well-to-do farmer, near Barkerville, Mo., was recently shot and instantly killed by Miss Lulu Epperson, the sixteen-year-old daughter of the farmer. Her parents went to Barkerville leaving her and Hofer alone on the farm. During their absence the man entered the house and "teased" the young lady. She seized her father's shotgun and killed her assailant. The coroner's jury justified the young woman's action.

PREFERRED DEATH TO IMPRISONMENT.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

John Welch, a convict at the Jefferson City, Mo., Penitentiary, committed suicide recently in a most shocking manner. Welch, with the other prisoners, was attending the Sabbath services in the dining room, when he suddenly rose from his seat and plunged headlong from the window. He landed on the third balcony, from which he rolled to the pavement below, landing on his head, killing himself instantly.

FORTUNE FAVORS HIM.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

On another page will be found the portrait of Harry T. Johnson, the genial doorkeeper and advertising agent at Buckingham Theatre, Louisville, Ky. He is very popular with all the variety people, and fortune is rapidly favoring him.

MADMOISELLE GERMAINE.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

Mademoiselle Germaine, one of the great danseuses of the Gymnase, Paris, is one of the attractions of our theatrical gallery this week. Her agility, grace and beauty have won her a high place among saltatorial artists of the gay city.

NO. 93.

What It Brought to Two Topeka People—A Fortune Wisely Invested.

On Tuesday, the 12th of November, the regular monthly drawing of The Louisiana State Lottery occurred, and it brought luck to two persons in this city, each of whom held one-twentieth of ticket bearing the No. "93," which drew the first capital prize of \$300,000. A Democrat reporter took pains yesterday to ascertain what the fortunate holders of No. 93 had done with the money they got.

Mrs. Margaret Villepique, who resides just outside the city limits, received her \$15,000 in cash and deposited \$5,000 in three different banks of the city, and entrusting the matter of its investment to a German friend, who is loaning it out at 8 per cent. interest on approved real estate security. The income will make Mrs. V. independent for life. Mr. and Mrs. Villepique came from Kansas City three years ago, where they had met with a heavy loss. They had considerable property, which was heavily mortgaged, and being unable to clear it off, lost it by foreclosure. It is to-day worth \$80,000, though then it was held at only \$10,000. Arriving in Topeka, they bought five acres of land, paying \$150 down on it, and by raising garden truck, which they sold in the city, supported the family, and had the debt nearly paid off when Mrs. V. drew the \$15,000 on her ticket. It may be imagined that life looks much brighter to her than it did a month ago.

The other one-twentieth ticket was held by Dennis Northington, a colored man engaged in delivering coal for the Green Coal Company. He is a hard-working, economical man, and it had been his one ambition to some day be able to buy a Kansas farm and leave the city for more peaceful life in the country. He little thought this ambition would be realized so quickly, but on Nov. 13, the day after the drawing of the Louisiana State Lottery, he found himself the winner of a fortune—and a farm. He consented to remain a month longer with the Green Coal Company and continue his teaming, and he is meantime on the lookout for a good farm. He received his money (\$15,000) through one of the national banks and has it safely deposited until he is ready to use it. He started in life a slave, and the lottery has made him a rich as well as a free citizen of the Sunflower State.—Topeka (Kas.) Democrat, December 8.

Thomas Carey, who is 75 years of age, a veteran pedestrian, called at the POLICE GAZETTE office to reply to a challenge issued by Henry C. Collins of Troy, N. Y., age 66, who desires to meet any man in the world to walk 100 miles and allow one mile to any man for each year over his age. Carey posted \$100 with the POLICE GAZETTE, and left the following:

NEW YORK, Dec. 20, 1889.

MR. HENRY C. COLLINS—Sir: Noticing your challenge in the Sun of last week, I have to say that I am ready to meet your wishes in every particular. Should you address me, care of Richard K. Fox, editor and proprietor of the POLICE GAZETTE, the same will receive immediate attention.

Yours in earnest, THOMAS CAREY.

Estimates given on fitting up complete gymnasiums. For further particulars write Richard K. Fox, Franklin Square, New York, enclosing two-cent stamp.



ERNST POSSART,
A GERMAN ACTOR OF GREAT GENIUS AND MARVELOUS VERSATILITY. NOW UNDER
THE MANAGEMENT OF GUSTAV AMBERG.



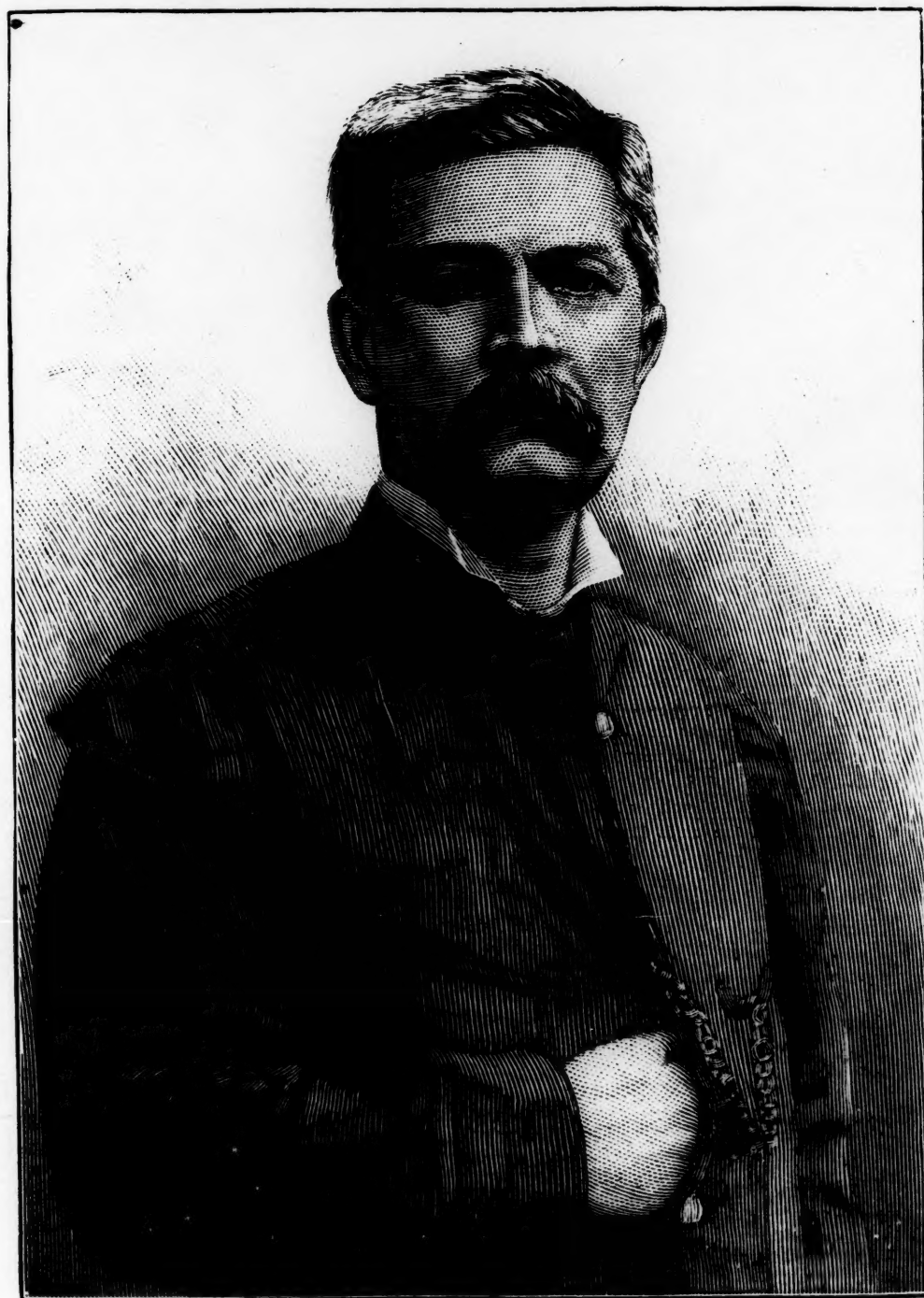
MADemoisELLE GERMAINE.
A FASCINATING DANSEUSE OF THE GYMNASE, PARIS, WHO IS ONE OF THE
PREMIER FAVORITES OF THE GAY CITY.



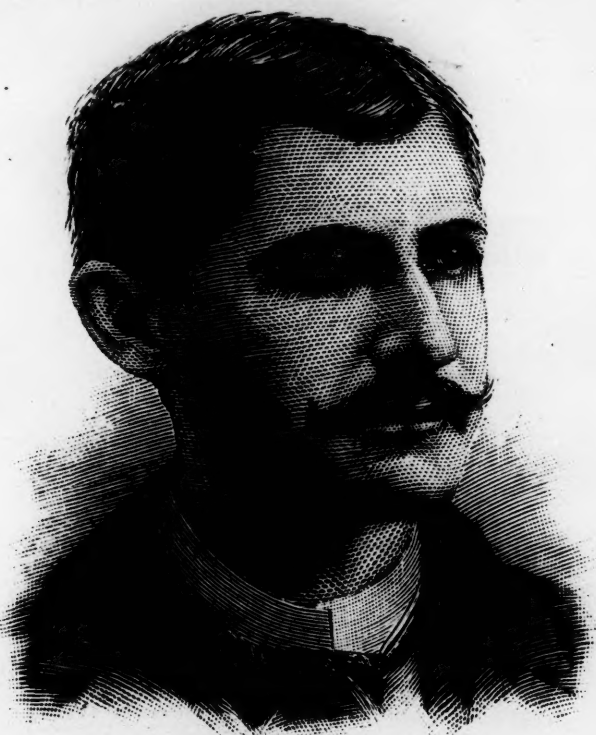
PROMINENT YOUNG PUBLISHERS.
WILL CORNELL AND LEON SMITH OF SCHENEVUS, N. Y., WHO BESIDE BEING
LITTERATEURS HAVE A SPORTING TENDENCY.



A ROCKY MOUNTAIN DETECTIVE.
BRAVE CAPT. W. W. LANE, THE FEARLESS CHIEF OF THE "RANGERS," WHO IS A
TERROR TO CROOKS OF THE NORTHWEST.



WORLD-FAMED STANLEY.
THE BEST-KNOWN JOURNALIST IN THE UNIVERSE, AND HERO OF THE AFRICAN
EXPLORATIONS AND DISCOVERIES.



FORTUNE FAVORS HIM.

HARRY T. JOHNSON, A FAVORITE WITH THE THEATRE-GOERS OF THE BUCKINGHAM OF LOUISVILLE, KY.



AN AFFABLE PARISIENNE.

Mlle DUPERRON, OF THE BOULEVARD DES CAPUCINES, KNOWN TO ALL AMERICANS IN THE FRENCH METROPOLIS.



HANDY AT THE WICKET.

WILLIAM W. ROBINSON, OF AUCKLAND, NEW ZEALAND, CAPTAIN OF THE LOCAL CRICKET TEAM AND GENERAL SPORT.



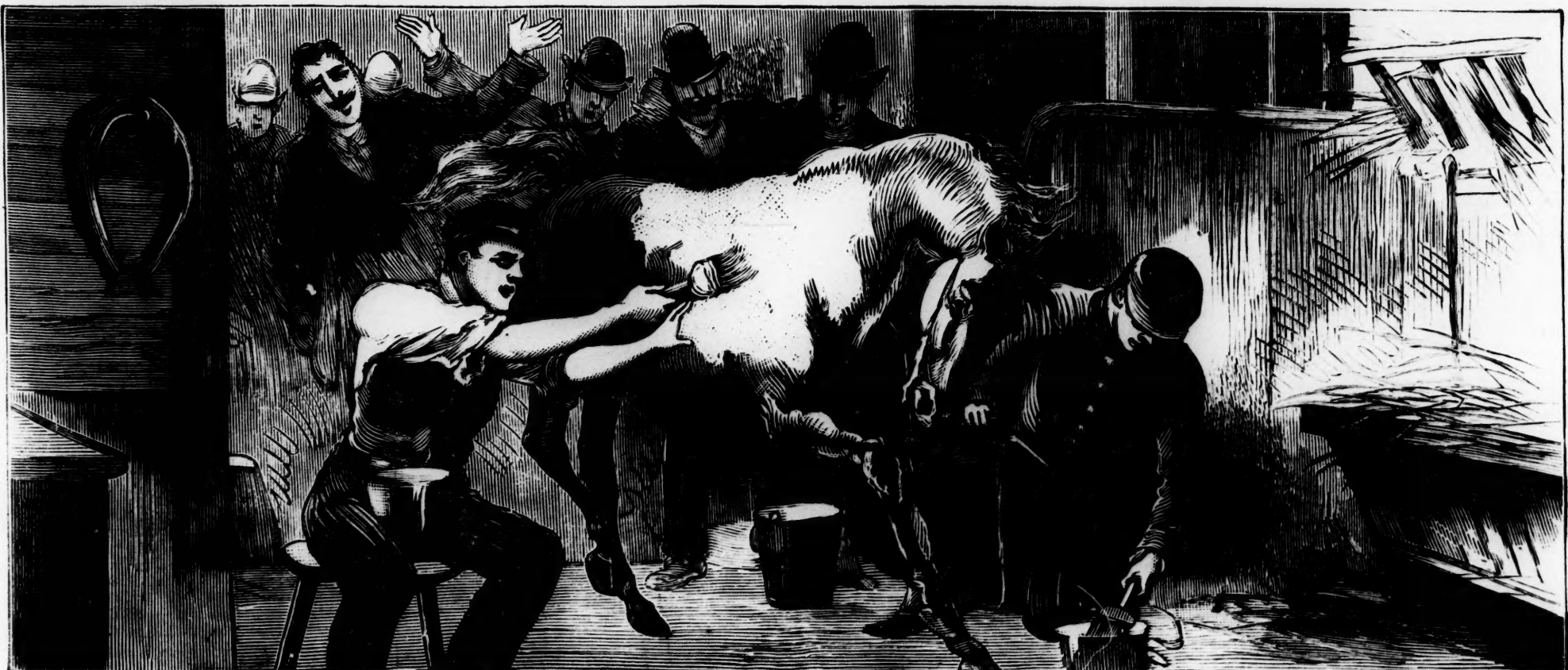
THE WEDDING POSTPONED.

MICHAEL O'TOOLE OF EDGEWOOD, MARYLAND, GOES FOR HIS BRIDE BUT GETS BULLETS AND HOT WATER INSTEAD.



GAMBLER VS. COOK.

JAMES TOOHEY, A COVINGTON, NEEB., SCULLION, GETS AWFULLY MAD AND FATAL-
LY STABS A MAN ABOUT TOWN NAMED ERWIN.



FROM DARK TO LIGHT.

WILLIAMSPORT, PA., COLLEGE BOYS PAINT THE SEMINARY HORSE YELLOW AND GET INTO TROUBLE, AND NOW THE FACULTY HOWLS.

LOVE'S LABOR LOST.

Romantic Affections Laid
Decollete.

PALPITATING HEARTS MUSSSED.

A Wicked, Wriggling, Wayward,
Wicious World.

A VERY SAD CASE IN OMAHA.

A Gushing Bookkeeper and a
Naughty Merchant.

TOMMY RATS' WEEKLY SCREED.

What a wayward, wicked, wriggling, wobbly, woful,
wicious world this is, don't it?

Each breeze that comes in from all over brings to our
ears the clash of resounding love, and palpitating
hearts are all mussed up, affections are laid decollete,
amours flash up like lighthouses in the fog of history
and—so forth.

If this state of things continues much longer we shall
have to put the naked little god with his quiver for a
shirt in a padded cell, or take him out into the woods
and lose him.

Just look here:

A MILFORD, DEL., CANNER'S ESCAPE.

Miss May Ellis was a gushing bookkeeper for the
firm of Harris & Co., of Milford, Del. She has gradu-
ated from that place to the position of heart-keeper for
Mr. Harris and the twain got tired of Delaware and



NAUGHTY MAY ELLIS.

left it all to its lonesome. May is twenty years of age
and is the daughter of Prof. D. S. Ellis, and had been
with Harris for eight months. She recently left home
presumably to go to Camden, Del., and Harris left soon
after. When he left he bought tickets for Pittsburgh
for his wife and children, and sent them to the de-
serted woman by a messenger. A few days later Har-
ris and Miss Ellis started from Philadelphia for Chi-
cago. The same day the girl's mother received a letter,
which read:

"DEAREST MAMMA: How can I tell you what I have
done? In a word, I am the happiest girl living. I met
my friend in Philadelphia, and we were married at
once. Now, dear mamma, do not worry about me, for
I have the best man in the world. By the time this
reaches you we will be on the deep blue sea, bound
for Liverpool. With love to all and kisses, I am your
loving and obedient daughter.
MAY."

Miss Ellis might have realized her fondest hopes had
there not been an obstruction on the track. Prior to
Mr. Harris' departure with the giddy May he had been
in the canning business, and when he left so suddenly
his affairs were in a slightly rocky condition, notwith-
standing the fact that he had been a leader in the Pres-
byterian church. The creditors began to howl and to
hunt for Harris, and he was finally captured, with
May, in Chicago, when he acknowledged his recal-
trancy. While the creditors were preparing requisition
papers Harris skipped to Canada and May was re-
turned to Milford by her distracted mamma, who had
gone West after her. Shortly afterward May came to
New York, where she is said to be residing with her
uncle.

OMAHA, NEB.'S, SAD CASE.

Omaha, Neb., turns up with a sad case. It is the
story of a beautiful girl who, because of her passionate
desires, fell from grace and became the lowest of the
low. The subject of this harrowing tale was formerly
known as Amelia Wallace, one of the prettiest and
most gifted of Western belles. She was reared in af-
fluence, was noted for her life of purity and virtue,
married an estimable citizen and was as happy as
woman could well be. She took the first downward
step and—

Early one morning recently Arthur Irish, a teamster
in the employ of the Kinkaid grading outfit, went to
his stable in the alley between Mason and Marcy
streets, just west of the Sixteenth street viaduct, to
feed his stock. Opening the door he was startled to
find the body of a woman lying on a manure pile at the
feet of his horses. He ran from the stable and quickly
notified the viaduct policeman, S. B. Curry. Curry,
after investigation, sent for the coroner. The coroner

found the woman lying on the impromptu couch. Her
eyes were staring heavenward, and she was scantily
clothed in coarse, rough garments, indicating extreme
poverty. The woman was small, and, as she lay on the
pile of filth, she would have been taken for a girl in
her teens, if it had not been for the marks of debauch-
ery on her face.

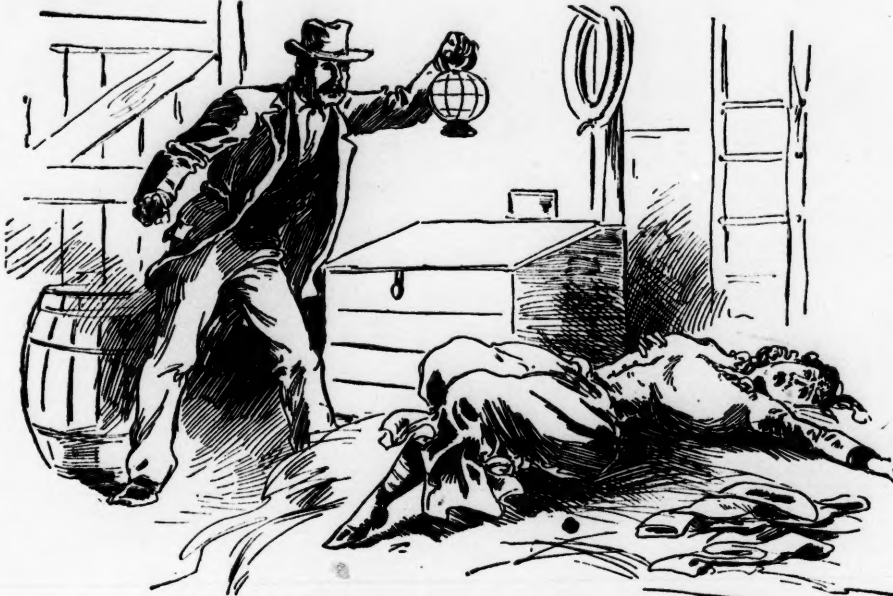
The coroner searched the body, and in a quilted
chenille pouch hanging from her neck and resting on
her bosom, he found a note to her lover, a soldier. She
used the name of Ola Stanton in this note, which was
directed to a soldier named John Ernest, and read as
follows:

"OMAHA, Neb., Dec. 11, 1889.

"MY DEAR ERNEST: Will you please come at once to
see me, for I am sick and want to see you on business?
Now, dear, be sure and come. OLA STANTON."

A small pill box containing a drug resembling mor-
phine was found and told the story of her death. No
marks were found on the clothing, which was warm
but coarse and poor. Sergeant Whalan recognized the
woman as "Mrs. Hill," a frequenter of the police
station, who had arrived in Omaha two years ago from
Papillion.

She was the Amelia Wallace of old, and had evidently



A NEBRASKA BELLE'S DOWNFALL.

poisoned herself. Her young daughter is an inmate of
an Omaha bagnio.

A NEW DOUGLAS, ILL., DAISY.

Daisy Leese was a pretty New Douglas, Ill., girl.
Daisy is missing from her home. Thereby hangs this
tale of woe.

The circumstances surrounding her disappearance
are such that her parents are bowed down with grief.
Her father, Walter Leese, an honest and well-to-do
farmer, is in St. Louis in search of his recalcitrant daughter.
A married man figures in the case.

Daisy left her home one night recently, ostensibly on
her way to church. She failed to return that night,
and has not put in an appearance since. The father
learned that the girl had gone to the depot and taken a
train to Alhambra, the first station from New Douglas
on the Toledo, St. Louis and Kansas City Rail-
road. There she met a married man named
James Henry, a sewing machine agent by occupation,
who resides at Mount Olive, Ill., twelve miles from
New Douglas, on the Wabash. The couple went to St.
Louis, arriving at 8:10 Tuesday morning. Tuesday
night they returned to Alhambra, where Henry left the
girl and returned to his home at Mount Olive. Daisy
walked to the next station, Kauffman, boarded a train
and returned to St. Louis.

In the meantime the father was keeping up a hunt
for his daughter. Having ascertained the above facts
he went to St. Louis. He reported the case at the
Four Courts and also to the authorities of East
St. Louis. He learned that on Thursday night the
missing girl appeared at the residence of a family
named Ruebenthal, living at 4143 Fairfax street, St.
Louis, who are acquaintances of the Leese family.
She remained there until the following Saturday
morning, when she departed, since which time she has
not been seen. Mr. Leese, upon learning the history
of the case, at once telegraphed the authorities at
Mount Olive and had Henry placed under arrest. The

wore the blue dress, a black jersey and a black turban,
trimmed in black, with no feathers.

MARRIAGE NOT A FAILURE IN ST. LOUIS.

Conrad S. Webbe of St. Louis, Mo., has decided and
settled the long-pending question of "Is Marriage a
Failure." Con has proved that it is not. He was re-
cently released from jail in the St. Louis Criminal
Court, where he had been confined on a charge of
bigamy, the case being dismissed.

Webbe had been married five times, and, so far as is
known, all five of his wives are living. The bigamy
proceedings were instituted by the last wife, Amelia,
to whom Webbe was married in May, 1887. They were
housekeeping on Pestalozzi street. One day a Mrs.
Catherine Webbe called there and claimed Webbe as
her lawful husband. The Grand Jury took hold of the
case. It turned out that Webbe had secured a divorce
from Catherine, whom he married in Ste. Genevieve
county in 1883.

While the grand jury was considering the case an-
other wife turned up. Her name was Catherine Carr
Webbe, and she married Webbe in St. Louis in 1881.
Proof of her allegations was easy, and Webbe was in-

dicted for bigamy in marrying Catherine Carr while
Catherine (No. 1) was still his lawful wife.

It turned out that Catherine Carr learned in 1883 that
Webbe had another wife living. Any time within three
years after she became aware of the fact, or possibly
only three years from the date of her marriage to him,
she could have instituted a prosecution for bigamy,
but she did nothing till 1889, and the statute of limita-
tions barred the case. So Webbe was free.

It also develops that two other women—one named
Susan Brown—married Webbe, but both learned that
he was otherwise married and had secured divorces,
and these little peccadilloes failed to score against Mr.
Webbe. His wife Amelia will soon apply for a divorce,
and then Mr. Webbe will once more be a prize in the
matrimonial market.

THE DALLAS, TEX., POPGUN.

The report of love's popgun was heard twice within
a few hours of each other in Dallas, Tex., recently.

For some time past Mrs. Mary Adams, a dashing and
handsome young widow, has been sought after by W.
D. Cummings, whom the young widow has refused on
several occasions. A few days ago Mrs. Adams attend-
ed church and accepted the escort of another young
man to her home. Cummings was also at the church
with the intention of trying to be permitted to be the
widow's escort. When he learned that he was too late
he hurried from the church and, taking a short cut,
headed off the couple and laid in ambush for them to
pass. As the two passed him he fired at the young
woman, hitting her in the back, wounding her fatally.
He escaped, but bloodhounds were placed on his
track, and at Garland, 15 miles away, he was captured.
As soon as arrested he shot himself fatally in the
breast. He was regarded as an inoffensive young man.

A CINCINNATI FEMALE JAG.

I once read in a temperance journal the following:
"Rum, like an undying worm, is eating into the vitals



CUMMINGS' FATAL SHOT.

girl first met the sewing machine agent at New Dou-
glas, while stopping at a hotel. Letters passed between
them through the instrumentality of a third party.
The father, discovering the turn affairs were taking,
forbade his daughter further corresponding with Hen-
ry, and the flight was the result.

The girl will be sixteen years of age next March, is
large for her age, about 5 feet in height, and inclined
to be stout. She has but two dresses with her, one of
light blue and the other black. When last seen she

Elegant Colored Photographs of Actresses in Tights, 10 cents
each. Send for catalogue. RICHARD E. FOX, Franklin Square,
New York City.

of this country." The writer of the article evidently
came from the bustling town of Cincinnati.

A few days ago two stylishly dressed women ap-
peared on one of the principal avenues suffering from
what is vulgarly known as a "jag." In fact they were
both carrying such overgrown loads, that their naviga-
tion was extremely shaky. Before the two, who, judg-
ing by the diamonds and jewelry worn by them, were
persons of more than ordinary social status, had gone
many blocks, the two came to grief at the hands of a
policeman, who took them to the House of Detention
in a patrol wagon.

Their conduct when arrested was outrageous. They

cursed and reviled the officers and fought desperately.
In the struggle the women were necessarily roughly
handled, and their clothes were disarranged and torn.
The long, white hair of the mother hung down her
back in straggling confusion, while the blonde locks



TWO BEAUTIFUL JAGS.

of the daughter were likewise blown about in the wind
a tangled mass.

All the way to the House of Detention the women
cursed and swore and when the drive was ended they
were in a condition bordering on frenzy.

The elder of the two gave her name as Isabella
Elliott, age 60, residence Avondale, and the other, her
daughter, Lillie Elliott, age 20. A charge of drunkenness
was placed against both.

They were taken upstairs, but the conduct of Mrs.
Elliott became so violent and outrageous that she was
taken to an isolated cell and locked up by herself.

Mrs. Elliott had \$40 and her daughter \$23 on their
persons. Each wore a profusion of jewelry of the most
costly kind, while in Mrs. Elliott's pocket were several
pairs of diamond and sapphire ear-rings, and also some
finger-rings. About her neck, suspended by a massive
gold chain, was a magnificent gold locket.

Later in the day the friends of the two women were
informed of their predicament, and came to their re-
lief. They succeeded in having "safe keeping" substi-
tuted for the charge of drunkenness. Later the two
were released.

A KANSAS CITY MAN RUINED.

Frank B. Hyde, once a wealthy and prominent real
estate owner of Hutchinson, Kan., late of Kansas City,
Mo., recently made a desperate attempt to take the life
of Mrs. W. R. Ehler, a woman upon whom he had
squandered a fortune. He wanted the woman to elope
with him to Australia, but she refused. At this he
flew into a passion and said he would settle the matter
at once. He seized the woman by the shoulder and



FRANK HYDE'S DESPERATION.

cut her throat and then hearing approaching foot-
steps he loosened his grip, and then ended his own life
by cutting his throat. When the coroner arrived he
found a number of diamonds in the woman's room
which she claimed to be her own. A number of suspi-
cious-looking men who were about the place were
placed under arrest.

As the parson always winds up his sermon with a
moral, so will I mine. My injunction to Cupid and his
hosts of palpitating devotees is:

COME OFF!

TOMMY RATS.

HANDY AT THE WICKET.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

Elsewhere will be found the portrait of William W.
Robinson, of Auckland, New Zealand, where he is bet-
ter known as "Captain Billy." He is generally chosen
Captain of local cricket teams when they have occa-
sion to try conclusions with foreign or travelling
teams. Mr. Robinson was captain of a representative
team which travelled round the different provincial
towns of New Zealand in 1873, being victorious every-
where, and in 1882 he was again captain of the team
that went over the same ground as their predecessors,
nearly repeating their performance of nine years pre-
vious, being only defeated once out of seven matches,
that being at Christchurch, Canterbury, by a few runs.

BACKS THE RACES.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

One of the most prominent gentlemen to be found on
the Australian turf is "Barney" Allen, as he is known
to his intimates. Mr. Allen is a Victorian. Although
but twenty-five years of age, he has more turf experi-
ence than most men of twice his age. He has followed
bookmaking as a business since leaving school. His
portrait will be found on another page.

CATARH CURED.

A clergyman, after years of suffering from that loath-
some disease Catarrh, and vainly trying every known
remedy, at last found a prescription which completely
cured and saved him from death. Any sufferer from
this dreadful disease sending a self-addressed stamped
envelope to Professor J. A. Lawrence, 88 Warren street,
New York, will receive the recipe free of charge.

THE ATHLETIC UNION.

The Large Time the Boys Had
During the Week.

PRELIMINARIES AND FINALS.

Who Witnessed Them and Who Came
Out Ahead.

ENLIVENING AND EXCITING SCENES.

The preliminary bouts for the amateur boxing and wrestling championships of the Amateur Athletic Union were held at Parepa Hall, in this city, on Dec. 16. A tremendous crowd was present, and the admission was \$1 to \$5. James E. Sullivan, of the Pastime Athletic Club, managed the affair. There were several well-contested bouts at boxing and wrestling.

The evening's sport commenced with the first bout in the 153-pound wrestling class, between J. Hughes of



THE 153-POUND CLASS.

Club, of Jersey City, and C. K. Kuehne, of the New York Turn Verein. This proved a magnificent contest. Neither, however, could secure any advantage, and at the end of the ten minutes allotted for the bout the referee declared it a draw, and after three minutes' rest the men were called for another bout. This time Kuehne was the first to commence operations, and so sturdy were his efforts that Lau narrowly escaped being thrown. He was lucky, however, and then by a chance put Kuehne's shoulders on the floor, and by the greatest good fortune secured a fall. Time, 2 minutes.

J. Hughes, who won the first wrestling bout, then met D. L. Chesterman, of the Schuylkill Navy. Hughes did the most work from the start, and though neither had secured a fall at the end of ten minutes the referee gave the bout to Hughes.

The finals were decided on December 19 in the Metropolitan Opera House, and such a crowd was never seen. All of the big 'uns of the ring were present and, occupying boxes, were: John L. Sullivan, Alderman Walton Storms, R. B. Rathbone, W. J. Swan, Eugene Van Schaick, Dominick McCaffrey, D. B. Freedman, Phil Dwyer, Geo. A. Avery, Umpire John Kelly, David Holland, Edward Milligan, Lansing La Mont, A. C. Palmer, W. D. F. Bostwick, Channing S. Burton, R. H. Galling, Dr. G. B. Smith, Lawrence Meyers, R. H. Smith, W. H. Dodsworth, P. J. Lauritzen, F. W. Nostrand, Billy Madden and Jack McAuliffe.

The ring was 22 feet square, and the officials were Harry Buermyer, N. Y. A. C., referee; Dr. R. Guelerius, N. Y. A. C., and M. W. Phillips, A. C. S. N., Philadelphia, judges; Robert Stoll, N. Y. A. C., C. C. Hughes, M. A. C., and Samuel Austin, timers. Judge of wrestling, Mr. Bogus. Announcer, Fred W. Burns.

At 8:50 o'clock Mr. Burns announced that William Kenny, N. J. A. C., and J. R. Riley, A. C. S. N., had drawn the "byes" in the 115-pound boxing and 105-pound wrestling respectively, and then Andrew Kelly, Bridge A. C., Brooklyn, and B. Mullen, Allerton A. C., contestants in the 115-pound boxing class, opened the entertainment. The judges, without hesitation, gave the decision to Kelly after a three-round contest.

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O'Toole called for the girl, Charles again appeared. Bitter words passed, both produced revolvers, and began blazing away. Callahan slipped behind a tree, and from this point of vantage hit O'Toole twice. Callahan is said to have escaped unhurt. To add to O'Toole's ill luck Mrs. Callahan dashed a pail of water over him, and his face is scalded.

THEY RAN A SNIDE GAME.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

Some months ago there moved into a neat cottage at Bogota, N. J., on the east side of the Hackensack river, opposite Hackensack, N. J., a family who introduced themselves as the Larkins.

When Mrs. Larkins and her daughters, Julie, Clytie and Belle, first settled in Bogota they were regular in their attendance upon worship at the "old church on the green," where their presence was at once marked, and they were classed as inhabitants of ultra swiftness by the staid Dutch worshippers, who clung to the belief of their forefathers that gaudy colors and silks and satins are an abomination. But it has just leaked out that Mrs. Larkins has been running a little game of draw in her quiet little cottage.

It now appears that "Mrs. Larkins" and her "family" were reaping a rich reward from their visitors, among whom were at least three well-known local poker experts, who are known to have been regular in their visits Saturday nights. The handsome "father" of the house is said to have been a professional gambler, who plucked the larger game, while the callow youth were left to the fair but expert misses.

Under such circumstances it would be impossible to say how long the pleasures of the place might have been enjoyed had it not been for the rashness of one young man, who, while presumably heated with wine, imagined that the fair Clytie held one card too many at a moment when the inducement was a jackpot of generous amount. Clytie smilingly protested her innocence, but the youth lost his temper, and so far forgot himself as to impeach her veracity in a word of four letters preceded by a powerful adjective. When a constable went with a warrant to pull the house he found in large black letters "To Let" on the door.

HE WAS TIRED OF LIFE.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

Franklin B. Gowen, of Philadelphia, a prominent lawyer and ex-president of the Reading Railroad, of Pennsylvania, committed suicide by shooting himself through the head recently at Wormley's Hotel, Washington, D. C., where he had been staying for several days. The cause of the suicide is attributed by Mr. Gowen's friends to mental aberration. No other reason can be assigned, in view of the fact that the deceased gentleman left no information which bears even remotely upon the motives which impelled him to the rash act. The weapon with which Mr. Gowen ended his life was a five-barrelled 38-calibre Smith and Wesson revolver. When discovered next morning the pistol lay by his side with one barrel exploded. On the mantelpiece was a box of cartridges so nearly full as to indicate that only a sufficient number of its contents had been used as were necessary to fill the chambers of the death-dealing instrument.

FROM DARK TO LIGHT.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

Two students of the Dickinson Seminary at Williamsport, Pa., are not as happy as they were a few days ago. The cause of their dismay is a little fun they recently indulged in. The fun consisted of changing the old school horse from a dark bay to a bright yellow. This was accomplished with the aid of a pail of yellow paint and a whitewash brush. When the hostler arrived he did not recognize the gayly-colored horse, and reported his discovery to President Gray. An investigation followed, and the frisky boys were apprehended. They have been suspended from their studies, which seems like playing right into their hands.

ERNST POSSART.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

Ernst Possart, one of the greatest of contemporary German actors, was born in Berlin. His triumphs have been achieved in various departments of stage art. His versatility, power, and magnetism early attracted the attention of King Louis of Bavaria, and Possart was at Munich for many years the unfortunate monarch's favorite actor. Possart plays comedy and tragedy, Shakespeare and Schiller, with equal facility. The theatre-goers of New York have had the rare opportunity of seeing Possart at Amberg's Theatre during the past two seasons, and their verdict is attested by the box office receipts, as well as the opinions of the press.

A NOTED 'CYCLIST.'

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

Few wheelmen in the City of Buffalo, N. Y., are more widely known among the votaries of the steel steed than Wm. G. Schack, of whom a portrait will be found elsewhere. Mr. Schack is one of the most prominent members of the Hustling Ramblers' Bicycle Club. He is also first sergeant of Company D, Buffalo City Guard. With the wheel he is not only a long distance man, but one who has attained some little celebrity as the winner of races, which belong to him as the result of premier-ship in so many fast pace contests.

WORLD-FAMED STANLEY.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

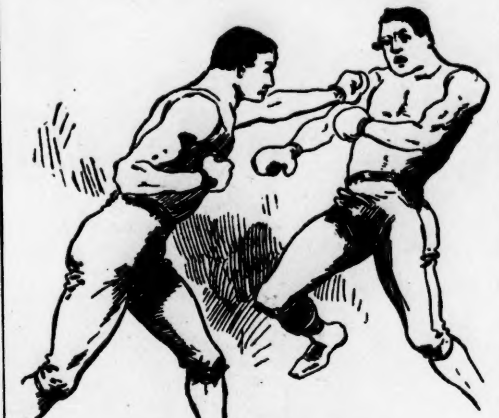
It would be a waste of space to endeavor to write of the doings of the world-famed African explorer and discoverer, Henry M. Stanley, and the only excuse that the POLICE GAZETTE can make for publishing the gentleman's portrait, if any excuse were necessary at this important era in Stanley's career, would be that it desires to make the public as familiar with his features as it is with the great deeds of daring of the great journalist.

HER LEG BROKEN.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

Miss Theresa Krunkemeyer, of Fort Madison, Ia., besides being the belle of the county is an admirer of athletic sports. She is a graceful horsewoman, a good pistol shot, and at times has played ball with her brothers. Lately she attempted to walk upon a pair of stilts. She did very well for some time, but the pace soon became too fast for her and she pitched forward over a barbed wire fence breaking her leg. She will attend nothing but executive hops this winter.

VALUABLE BOOKS—Just Published.—Cockers' Guide, Dog Pit, POLICE GAZETTE Card Player, Standard Book of Rules, Bartenders' Guide, and Art of Wrestling. Price, 25 cents each. RICHARD E. FOX, Publisher, Franklin Square, New York City.



BOXING IN THE 153-POUND CLASS.

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The finals were decided on December 19 in the Metropolitan Opera House, and such a crowd was never seen. All of the big 'uns of the ring were present and, occupying boxes, were: John L. Sullivan, Alderman Walton Storms, R. B. Rathbone, W. J. Swan, Eugene Van Schaick, Dominick McCaffrey, D. B. Freedman, Phil Dwyer, Geo. A. Avery, Umpire John Kelly, David Holland, Edward Milligan, Lansing La Mont, A. C. Palmer, W. D. F. Bostwick, Channing S. Burton, R. H. Galling, Dr. G. B. Smith, Lawrence Meyers, R. H. Smith, W. H. Dodsworth, P. J. Lauritzen, F. W. Nostrand, Billy Madden and Jack McAuliffe.

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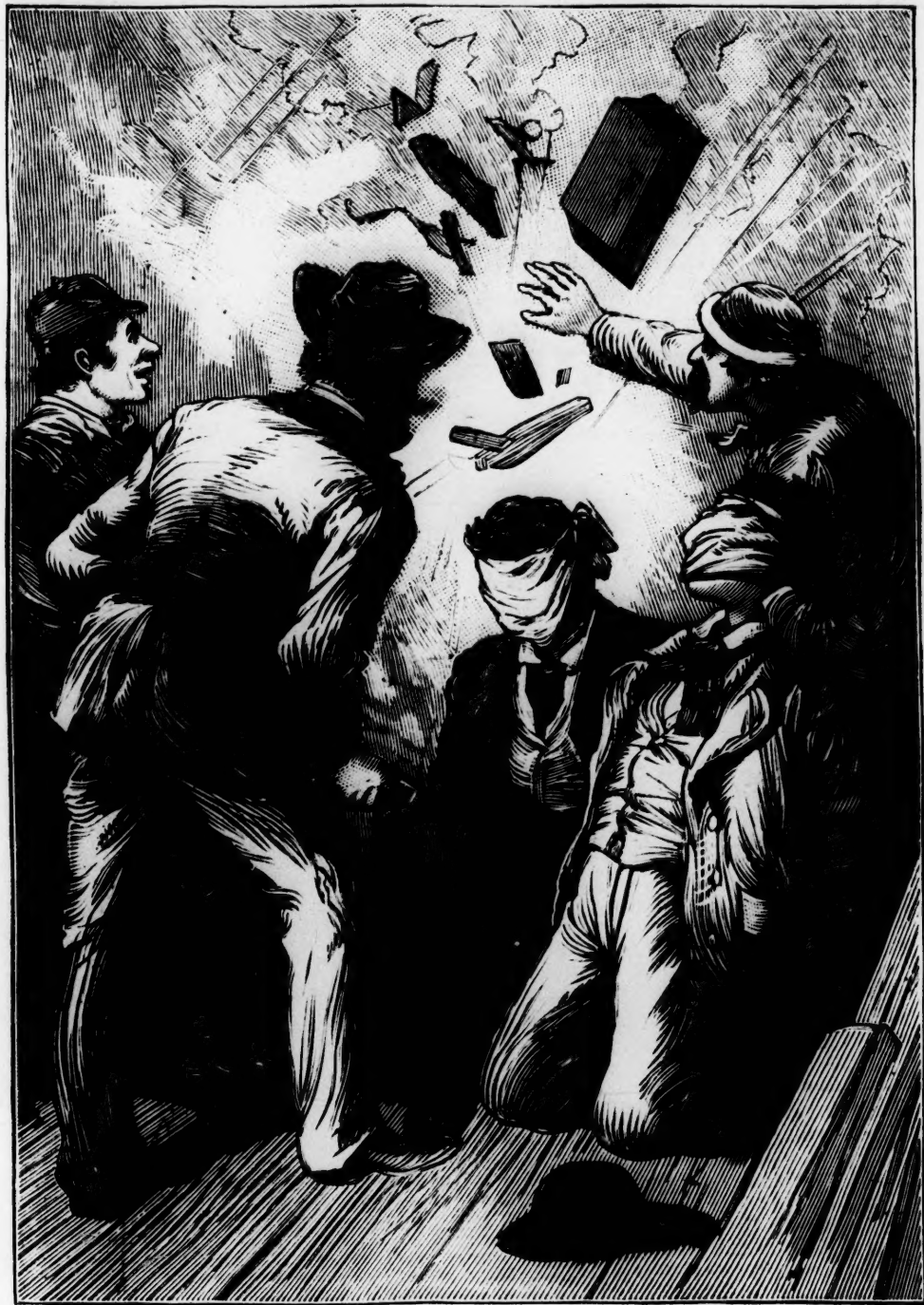
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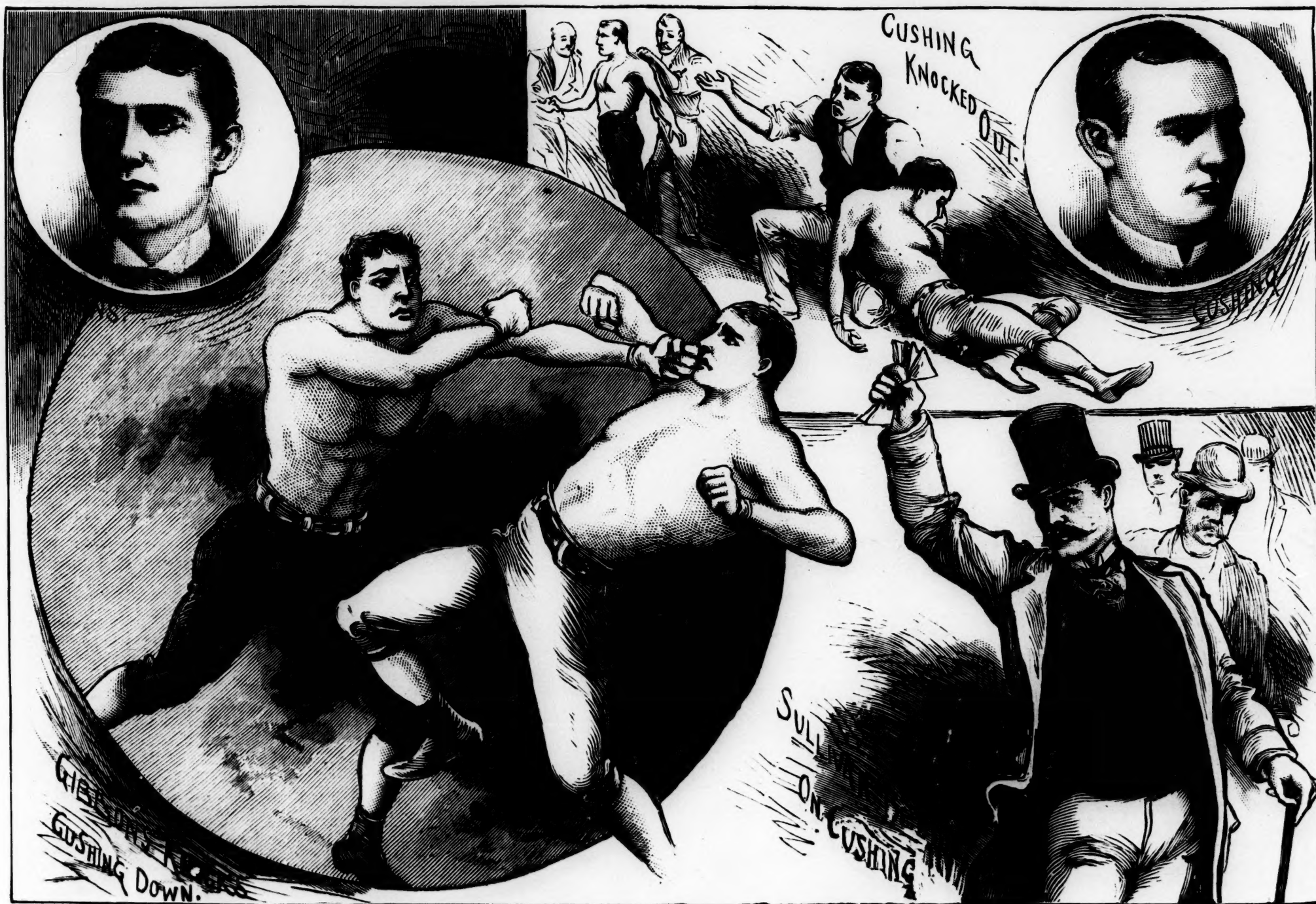
RIVER PIRATES ON LAND.

MARSHAL MAHONE, OF CAIRO, ILL., CAPTURES ELEVEN RIVER THIEVES ON THE MISSISSIPPI AFTER THEY HAVE CRACKED A SAFE.



WANTED TO BE COW-BOYS.

TWO PRETTY CINCINNATI, OHIO, GIRLS BECOME STAGE-STRUCK AND ARE CAPTURED ON THEIR WAY WESTWARD.



A SHARP AND GORY BATTLE.

THE MILL BETWEEN AUSTIN GIBBONS AND "MIKE" CUSHING NEAR NEW YORK CITY, ON DECEMBER 17, 1889.



HE WAS TIRED OF LIFE.

F. B. GOWEN, EX-PRESIDENT OF THE READING RAILROAD, BLOWS HIS BRAINS OUT IN A WASHINGTON, D. C., HOTEL.



THOUSANDS AT THE SCENE.

AN ACCIDENT ON A NEW JERSEY DRAWBRIDGE NEAR THE HACKENSACK IN WHICH THREE LOST THEIR LIVES.

THAT BIG DUMBBELL.

A One-Thousand-Pounder Being Cast For the "Police Gazette."

THE SCULLING CHAMPIONSHIP.

It is an open question, and one that is being discussed in athletic circles both in this country and in England as to who is the strongest man in the world. In England Eugene Sandow, Samson and Cyclops claim the supremacy, while in France Apollo is looked upon as the strongest man in the world.

Canada claims the champion strong man in Louis Cyr, and by his performances he is well worthy of the title, for Cyr's feat of putting up a 245 pound dumbbell, lifting 30 men, each weighing over 150 pounds, an aggregate, with the weight of the platform, exceeding 3,500 pounds.

America is not behind with strong men and while athletes, who can put up a 250 pound dumbbell are few and far between, there are several who have lifted, both by hands and artificial means, heavier weights than was ever lifted before. The craze among the champions in feats of strength is putting up the biggest dumbbell. Cyr's record is so far ahead of all the Sandows, Samsons, Cyclops and Apollos, because he put up a 245-pound dumbbell fairly, and the ponderous iron weighed what it was represented to weigh and the performance was done before regularly appointed judges.

Sandow, it is claimed, can put up a 350-pound dumbbell. Samson, it is said, can elevate a 300-pound bell. Cyclops puts up a 245-pound bell. Apollo is credited with having put up a 300-pound dumbbell and a 100-pound bell in each hand. Carl Abbe is also credited with putting up a 250-pound dumbbell, but the alleged performances of these men of muscle are not accepted as records, because the performances are not accepted in the presence of regular judges and it is not known whether the dumbbells used did weigh 200 or 300 pounds, they not having been weighed by the judges.

Any athlete can exhibit a dumbbell which can be loaded and unloaded in front of an audience and claim it weighs 300 pounds when it may not weigh 200 pounds. Unless regular judges are appointed, and they are disinterested and see the dumbbell weighed, the audience is liable to be fooled. The dumbbells Apollo, Samson, Cyclops, Sandow and Abbe exhibit may weigh what it is specified, but they have not competed for a prize or in a match in which it is necessary that the judges weigh the dumbbells and see that they are put up according to rules which govern all such contests.

Should Sandow and his rivals come to America and exhibit their feats of strength in the dumbbell line, they can rest assured that if they want due credit for "putting up" a 300 or 350 pound dumbbell, which no man living can put up, the dumbbell will have to be weighed by disinterested judges, and the elevation of the bell accomplished according to rule.

Richard K. Fox witnessed Samson, Sandow and Cyclops perform their great feats of chain breaking, weight-lifting and dumbbell-putting in England, and in order to promote competition in feats of strength he is having a dumbbell constructed which, when completed, will weigh 1,000 pounds and will be the largest dumbbell in the world. It will be called the "Police Gazette" Champion Dumbbell, and any athlete who can lift it one foot from the ground with one hand will be presented with the dumbbell, and a "Police Gazette" champion medal and the title of champion dumbbell lifter of the world.

There are numerous strong men in this country—many who believe they can out lift creation, and with the Muellers, Paulsons, Yotts, Breeds, Downs and Kennedys there may be some one who can lift 1,000 pounds of dead iron. The trophy will be valued at \$500, and anyone who can win the prize and the "Police Gazette" champion dumbbell will be as great an attraction as Sandow or Samson.

The death of Henry Ernest Searle, the champion of the world, was quite a surprise in sporting circles, both in this country, England and New South Wales, for he was very popular and had legions of admirers.

Searle's death leaves the single-scutt championship open for competition. It was asserted by several newspapers that Wm. Beach had claimed the championship, and several writers asserted that his claim was valid, but this is erroneous. Beach did hold the title, but knowing he could not continue to do so with Kemp, Searle and Stansbury knocking at his door, he wisely gave up the title and all claim to it to Peter Kemp in 1887. The action of Beach on this occasion upsets all his pretensions to his claim to the title, for it ceased to be his "property" and he had no claim after he had disposed of it.

Kemp rowed Tom Clifford for the title on Feb. 11, 1888, and Kemp won the single-scutt championship of the world. Edward Hanlan rowed Kemp for the championship of the world on May 5, 1888, when Kemp again won the title.

On Sept. 28, 1888, Edward Hanlan again made an attempt to bring the championship back to this country (which it never should have left), and again Peter Kemp defeated him.

Henry Searle won the single-scutt championship of the world from Peter Kemp on Oct. 27, 1888. He beat Kemp out of sight, winning easily by thirty lengths. Searle then again won the title by defeating Wm. O'Connor on the Thames, and he was the champion when he died, and had no match ratified with any oarsman.

Now, how Beach can hold a title that has been rowed for four times since he cast it away in disgust, or how sporting writers can be so foolish as to imagine that he has any more claim on the premiership than O'Connor, Kemp, Stansbury, Hanlan or Masterson, I cannot imagine.

Of course, any one can claim the championship or anything else, but claiming and possessing are two different things. Wm. O'Connor, who was Searle's last opponent, has claimed the championship, and no one can, with any degree of sense, object to his claiming the title, because he has posted a forfeit of \$500 and made a fair and business-like offer to row any man breathing for the "Police Gazette" champion challenge cup, which represents the single-scutt championship of the world, and which has been twice won by O'Connor and once by Searle.

By the death of the champion it reverted to its former holder, and if any Australian desires to win the title he will have to row for it on American waters.

Should Teemer, Hanlan or Gaudaur pick up O'Connor's gauntlet and agree to row the latter for the "Police Gazette" champion challenge cup and the championship of the world, the question would be settled beyond dispute, for the winner would hold the title and be recognized as the champion.

The New York "Herald" of December 15, in a cablegram, published the following: "English sporting writers loudly lament Searle's death, whom most of them describe as the best man who ever sat in a boat. They said the same of Hanlan, and speak of him now as 'that wonder.' They ascribe Hanlan's downfall as an oarsman to the typhoid fever disease, which took Searle for a victim. Kemp's claim to the championship would not be recognized, on the ground that Beach had no right to give it to him and that Kemp has done nothing to uphold it. O'Connor has more backing for it in England than any other oarsman, and after him comes Stansbury."

I clipped the following from the New York "Daily News," December 15: "The New York Sun says that Wm. Beach and Jan. Renforth were probably the greatest oarsmen who ever

flourished. Renforth was a champion a shade better than J. H. Sadler, and he won the championship by beating Harry Kelly just when the latter had shot his bolt. He never rowed in a shell as they are now constructed and never saw a sliding seat. Beach met Hanlan just about the time the ex-champion's rowing days were over. Jake Gaudaur, who never was a genuine champion, rowed him to a standstill on the Thames, and if he had had the pluck he would have won, for Beach gave up rowing, dead beat, twice."

In ignoring the color line Sullivan has come to a very sensible resolution. To deserve the title of champion one should always be ready to meet all comers, and unless he does he has no right to the title. We are very glad that Sullivan has taken the initiative in this matter, for if he ignores the color line, it would be very presumptuous in any other pugilist to raise the question. In this nineteenth century a man's color should be no bar to him in any walk of life, and though pugilism may be a "profession," the black man should have an equal chance with the white in the race for supremacy.

How popular cross country running is in England is shown by the recent five-mile steeplechase across country given by the Highgate Harriers of London. There were 108 entries handicapped, and out of these 55 men started. Cross country is the most difficult of events to handicap, but the English handicapper, Harry Loomans, did fairly well in his difficult task, the first five men finishing within 30 seconds of each other, while the last 30 finished within a minute and a half. The starts ranged all the way from 40 seconds to five minutes.

The more I think about the Dempsey-McCarthy match the less I can understand how the Directors of the California club could make such an unequal match. To my mind, his match with Kellier proved McCarthy to be only a second-class fighter, and I can't comprehend how he came to be matched against such a man as Dempsey. Kellier is about the poorest specimen of a fighter I have seen for some time, and yet it took the Australian a long time to whip him, duffer as he was. Against Dempsey I fail to see how he will have a ghost of a show.

In the first place he is badly handicapped by a very short reach, and can do nothing unless he gets right close up to his man. With such a master of ring tactics as Dempsey, McCarthy will be unable to come to close quarters, and I expect to see his case settled by the long-distance jabbing tactics so successfully employed by both Dempsey and the colored champion, Peter Jackson.

Some of McCarthy's friends claim that he was not in condition on the night of his match with Kellier, and that the fact of his having to pass several hours in the sweating room of the Hammam Baths just previous to his match told against him and prevented his making a better showing. I am perfectly willing to admit this, but I fail to see how it can account for his total absence of style and his poor generalship. The only hypothesis upon which I can account for the directors of the club making such an unequal match is that they want to give Jack a lift up the ladder of fame again, as well as to replenish his depleted exchequer.

REFEREE.

WHAT JACKSON IS DOING IN ENGLAND.

Peter Jackson appeared at Portsmouth, England, recently to meet White, the champion boxer of the British Navy, who is a star on the Excelsior. White was heavier than Jackson, but not as tall. They had three bouts together, and Jackson, of course, had it pretty much his own way, and when once or twice the audience ventured upon a laugh at White's over zealous tactics Davies came forward and praised the sailor for doing his best. Jackson had four other rounds afterwards, two with Wolf Bendoff and two with Jim Young, the 160-pound champion, and for their united skill in getting on and avoiding the men were well cheered. The colored champion was undoubtedly in good form, and the nimbleness which he exhibited was an eye opener to the onlookers, that being, in the opinion of many, one important factor in his victory over Jim Smith. The conclusion of the last round with Young was exciting, the free hitting and spirited rallies being keenly followed, and both men won golden opinions.

The following day Peter Jackson appeared at Brighton. It had been arranged for Jackson to box four rounds with Scotchey Gunn, champion of Sussex. Jackson had also offered to give £20 to anyone who would stand up before him four rounds, and this challenge was accepted by W. Woodhams, a local boxer. The match with Gunn was purely scientific, and evoked loud applause. Scotchey stood well up to his man and scored some useful points, but he was altogether overpowered by Jackson, who had much longer reach and was taller. The champion scored rapidly during the four rounds, and had several opportunities of knocking his man out. The boxers were rewarded with loud applause. After an interval the contest between Jackson and Woodhams took place, a ring being erected on the stage for that purpose. Will Riley, of the Cambridge Music Hall, was referee; Kemp and Hawke were judges, and T. Grobs timekeeper, Jackson being seconded by Sam Fitzpatrick and Woodhams by Bill Smith. The contest, which was under the Marquis of Queensberry rules, was a very amusing affair. From the start to the finish Jackson scarcely struck a blow, but caused rounds of laughter by the tricky way in which he avoided the onslaughts of Woodhams, most of whose blows struck nothing but air. Jackson exhausted his opponent by keeping him constantly on the alert, and gave the finishing touch by keeping him on Woodhams' nose and pushing him round the ring. He thus completely wore out Woodhams at the end of the third round. Immediately afterward Jackson was presented by Riley, amid loud cheering, with a silver cup, having the inscription: "Presented to Peter Jackson, Colored Champion of the world, at the Alhambra, Brighton, England, Monday, December 2, by a few admirers in Brighton of his sterling qualities as a man and a boxer." Jackson, who was cheered to the echo, replied in suitable terms.

THE McAULIFFE-CARROLL MILL.

The following dispatch was received at the POLICE GAZETTE office from L. R. Fulda, the president of the California Athletic Club, in regard to the proposed match between Jack McAuliffe, the light-weight champion, and Jimmy Carroll, for \$10,000 and a purse of \$2,500 to be given by the California Athletic Club independent of the main stakes the men are to battle for.

RICHARD K. FOX.—Please inform McAuliffe that the club have fixed the date for his match with Carroll for February 20, 1890. McAuliffe must forward \$500 and train here at least one month before match.

L. R. FULDA.

McAuliffe was notified and he at once came to the POLICE GAZETTE office. He is suffering from a sprained thumb and does not want the battle to take place before March. L. R. Fulda was notified, and when a later date is set by the club the champion will send on his \$500.

PADDY MCCARTHY AND GEORGE RUSSELL.

A large crowd of sporting men assembled at the POLICE GAZETTE office recently to witness the preliminaries to a match that was made between Paddy McCarthy and George Russell, well-known pugilists, for \$500 and gate money. Jim Barclay, Tommy Ray and Lon Ackerman accompanied Russell, while Con Culhane, a well-known sporting man, and a delegation accompanied McCarthy. A long discussion ensued, as Russell wanted to box at 128 pounds, while McCarthy refused to enter the ring less than 130 pounds. Finally Russell's backers gave way, and articles of agreement were signed for the men to meet at 130 pounds and weigh at the ring side for \$250 a side and the gate money.

It was agreed the battle should be with gloves, according to "Police Gazette" rules, and take place within 500 miles of this city on January 19. Only 25 persons on each side are to be present, and tickets are to be \$10 each. Both pugilists are well known in prize ring circles. Cornelius Culhane is backing McCarthy, while Jim Barclay is backing Russell.

LIVES OF THE BIG FOUR.—Tom Hyer, Yankee Sullivan, John C. Heenan and John Morrissey—complete in one volume, and portraits of all the leading heavyweights. Mailed to any address for 25 cents. RICHARD K. FOX, Publisher, Franklin Square, New York City.

WE ALWAYS OBLIGE!

OUR PURCHASING DEPARTMENT.

Owing to the numerous orders we are daily receiving for all kinds of Sporting Goods, Portraits, Books, etc., of every description, we have, for the convenience of the readers of the POLICE GAZETTE, opened a

SUPPLY AND PURCHASING AGENCY.

The department is in charge of a thoroughly competent man, and any orders we are favored with will be filled at the manufacturers' and publishers' lowest prices. Orders filled promptly and must be in every case accompanied by the cash. Address PURCHASING DEPARTMENT, POLICE GAZETTE, Franklin Square, New York.

R. W. D., Boston.—No.
M. R., Detroit.—L wins.
W. K., Chester, Pa.—No.
A. J., Breda, Iowa.—No.
A. D., Harrisburg, Pa.—No.
J. T. W., Danville.—B wins.
M. D. C., Pottsville, Pa.—No.
P. J., Fort Wayne, Ind.—No.
F. C. L., Brooklyn, N. Y.—B wins.
CONSTANT READER, Pittsburg, Pa.—Yes.
J. G. H., Toledo, O.—Twenty-five hundred dollars.
G. K., Reading, Pa.—B is entitled to a run of three.
W. S., Gravesend, L. I.—Not that we are aware of.
J. O. D., 807 Santa Fe Avenue, Denver, Col.—B wins.
J. R. N., Nevada.—Write to the Melbourne Sportsman.
D. R., Fort Huron.—Once money is put in the pot it has to go.
T. D., Albany, N. Y.—Jake Gaudaur did beat Edward Hanlan.

W. B., Pleasantville, O.—He claims he was born at Wigan, Eng.
TIN HORN, Laramie, Wyo.—After the deal but not before the draw.
J. J. K., Logan, Ohio.—J is not skunked when he made a point.

L. C., Bloomington, Ill.—1. Thanks for item. 2. Send your portrait.
J. M. N., Carbondale, Pa.—1. The English navy. 2. Over one hundred.

J. B. N., Boscobel, Wis.—Dice count as they lay before the second throw.

H. W., Springfield, Ohio.—It is formed from the glucose in the malt liquor.

A. D. F., Texarkana, Ark.—A loses; Sullivan gained first knock-down.

W. K., Philadelphia.—Billy Farnham defeated Peter Jackson in Australia.

S. W. L., Hugoton, Kan.—No trotting horse has a better record than Maid S.

M. S. W. and D. H., Louisville, Ky.—Joe Coburn and John C. Heenan never fought.

R. W. C., Boston.—1. Sullivan holds the "Police Gazette" champion belt. 2. Yes.

CAPT. S., Jackson, Mich.—Thanks. We have not space to use the matter. Send photo.

L. W. C., St. Louis, Mo.—He is entitled to a sight for his seven spot in playing table stakes.

C. S. F. and D. A., Laramie City, Wyo. Ty.—Sullivan weighed 217½ and Kilrain 178 pounds.

J. F. T., Long Branch, N. J.—1. Certainly. 2. Send for "The Police Gazette Book of Rules."

BOX 997, Springfield, Mo.—1. No. 2. Send 25 cents for our book on dog fighting and training.

S. PHILIP STARRS, New York City.—He is living in San Francisco. We have not his address.

M. F. B., Roxborough, Pa.—He was born in Marylebone, London, England. We do not know his age.

W. S., Jersey City Heights.—Send 50 cents for "The Champions of the Prize Ring" and "The American Athlete."

J. H., Egg Harbor, N. J.—John L. Sullivan broke his arm in a glove contest with Paddy Cardiff, not with Paddy Ryan.

R. H., Long Branch, N. J.—1. No. 2. Send for the "Police Gazette Standard Book of Rules." It will give you full information.

E. K., Elberton, Wash.—We can furnish you with books that give you all the information. The word thoroughbred is applied to horses, dogs, etc.

S. W., Hoffman House, N. Y.—1. No. 2. Eighty-six horses are entered in the Two Thousand Guineas to be run in 1890. 3. The Futurity Stakes.

W. W., Cohoes, N. Y.—Write to Prof. Mike Donovan, care of the New York Athletic Club, or a letter addressed to the POLICE GAZETTE will reach him.

WATKINS, St. Louis.—The dealer must help all others before helping the first man. The latter must then be supplied with a card for the one that was faced.

J. W., El Paso, Texas.—1. Impossible to answer in these columns. 2. At what distance running? There are records for all distances from 100 yards up.

W. H. H., Augusta, Ga.—1. Send 25 cents and we will mail you book of rules which contains the rules you meant. 2. Send photo of the dog. 3. Yes. 4. We cannot say.

POKER PLAYER, Memphis, Tenn.—B must wait until the cards are dealt to the other players, and then the dealer must give him one in place of the card that was exposed.

F. P. STUCKES, Springfield, N. M.—The parties who threw 38 must throw off the tie for the first prize. 2. The parties who threw 37 have no claim on either first or second prize.

W. C. T., Raymond.—1. John C. Heenan and Tom Sayers fought at Farnborough, England, on April 17, 1860. 2. Send 25 cents for "The Life and Battles of the Champions of England and America."

FLORENCE, Ark.—If the person who directed a letter to this office from Florence, Arkansas, dated December 10, 1889, will send his full name to the POLICE GAZETTE he may hear of something to his advantage.

J. W., San Francisco.—Dan Donnelly, who fought George Cooper, did second the latter in a prize fight. Donnelly and Tom Oliver seconded Cooper when he fought Kendrick, the colored pugilist, May 11, 1819.

R. J., San Jose.—It was George Cooper who fought three rounds with his leg broken on July 5, 1825, in a battle with Ned Baldwin for 2400. Cooper broke the small bone of his right leg in the eighteenth round and fought three more rounds.

A. MCQ., Nahma, Mich.—1. Peter Jackson and Slavin met but arranged no match. Slavin wanted London rules, Jackson a limited number of rounds. 2. Slavin is the recognized champion of Australia. Jackson is the heavy weight colored champion of the world.

D. J. S., Portsmouth.—According to the report of the Director of the Mint, silver dollars were coined first in 1793; none from 1806 to 1825; 1,000 were coined 1826-7; in 1828 none; then every year to 1857; 1858 none; again coined from 1859 to 1873, 1874 to 1877 none. Ever since coinage continues.

M. J. S., Boston.—Tom Burns and Jim Hough fought with gloves, according to "Police Gazette" rules, on Dec. 11, at New York. Jack Santary and Tom McCarthy were behind Burns, and Joe Masterson and Jack Nolan seconded Hough. Jimmy Shaugnessy was referee. Eleven rounds were fought in 43 minutes, when Hough had Burns fought to a standstill and won.

T. J. S., New York City.—A blow delivered by a pugilist on the angle of his opponent's jaw may leave a bruise, a blow on the jugular may not leave a bruise, but even a slight hit on the jugular vein is capable of shaking the brain, suspending the circulation of the blood to and from the heart and creating a species of apoplexy. In a like manner a hit on the fleshy part of the neck may not leave a mark.

M. S., Cincinnati.—Send for "The American Athlete" to this office. It is the standard work on training. No constitution, however good; no strength, however superior to that of the ordinary; no amount of courage, no degree of determination can supply the want of caution, of attention to training, of prudence, of moderation; in short, of steadiness of conduct and becoming behavior in and out of the ring. In the prize ring, as in every other pursuit, honesty of purpose, self denial, and especially sobriety, are indispensable, at least while engaged in struggles, to attain distinction.

THE PLAYERS' LEAGUE AT WORK.

Baseball Cranks Preparing for a Decidedly Hot Summer's Work.

The Players' League, at last accounts, were still "convening" and making things hot for the "magnates," and all during the week the Fifth Avenue Hotel corridors were thronged by cranks and players, rooters and bleacherites anxious to ascertain which way the ball was going to fly. The "boys" have secured at least a name to start off with, and the firm style will be "The Players' National League of Base Ball Clubs."

The League is to be managed by a central Board of Directors, which shall consist of stockholders who are not players, and players who are or are not stockholders, and the officers will be: President, Col. A. E. McAlpin of the New York Club; John Addison of Chicago, vice-president, and Frank H. Brunel of Chicago, secretary and treasurer.

A Committee on Playing Rules and also to select the playing ball for 1890, is composed of Benjamin Hilt of Philadelphia, Julian B. Hart of Boston, William Ewing of New York, John Ward of Brooklyn, and Fred Pfeffer of Chicago.

The Schedule Committee, drawn by lot, will comprise Brooklyn, Chicago, Cleveland, Buffalo and Philadelphia.

The official roster of those who have signed Players' League contracts is as follows:

BOSTON—Radbourn, Kilroy, Daly, Sweet, Kelly, Brothers, Quilon, Nash, Richardson, Stovey.

NEW YORK—Ewing, Brown, Keefe, Crane, O'Day, Connor, Richardson, Whitney, O'Rourke, Gore, Slattery.

PHILADELPHIA—Milligan, Cross, Hallman, Buffington, Saunders, Foreman, Cunningham, Husted, Farrar, Myers, Shindle, Mulvey, Wood, Thompson, Clements, Deleahanty.

BUFFALO—Bowe, Mack, Clark, Person, Krock, Keefe, Carney, Wise, John Irwin, White, Hoy, Beecher.

PITTSBURGH—Hanlon, Fields, Miller, Galvin, Staley, Maul, Morris, Beckley, Dunlap, Knehe.

BROOKLYN—Ward, Andrews, O'Connor, Cook, Weyhing, Conlie Murphy, Tucker, Beerbauer, Bassett, Seery, McGeechey.

CLEVELAND—Faatz, Stricker, Zimmer, Sutcliffe, Snyder, O'Brien, Bakely, Gruber, Twitchell, McAleer, Radford, Larkin, McKean.

CHICAGO—Darling, Farrell, Boyle, Toner, Baldwin, Dwyer, Bastian, Pfeffer, Latham, Van Haltron, Ryan, Duffy, Williamson, Barton.

There are ninety-seven names in all, comprising seventy-eight National League players, sixteen American Association and four from the minor leagues. Then there are six men who signed the Brotherhood and two individual agreements and have broken their contracts. They are Clements, Deleahanty, Mulvey, Miller, Beckley, McKean. Those who signed a Brotherhood agreement alone and deserted are Glascock, Denny, Boyle, Clarkson, Smith, Rusie, Buckley, Schriver and Gleason.

The new Players' League issued the following circular Dec. 18:

Whereas, Every member of this organization took upon himself a solemn obligation to abide by the will of the entire Brotherhood; and

Whereas, On a proposition submitted to each chapter last July it was decided for good reasons to withdraw in a body from the National League; and

Whereas, On the strength of this mutual agreement the players all signed contracts to that effect with other employers, who have already gone to great expense; and

Whereas, The following named, under circumstances and for reasons that bring the blush of shame to the cheek of every honorable player, have since made known their intentions of violating their oaths and contracts; therefore be it

Resolved, That we should and hereby do expel from the Brotherhood of Ball Players the following named: Glascock, Clarkson, Denny, Miller, Beckley, McKean, Beatin, Buckley, Boyle, Clements, Gleason, Schriver, Sommers, Mulvey and Deleahanty.

This document is signed by John M. Ward, T. J. Keefe, Ed Hanlon, John Stricker, Ed Andrews, Arthur Irwin, Fred Pfeffer, Dan Brouters, James H. O'Rourke and George Wood.

HOW'S THIS, M. A. C?

The following letter, which was received at the POLICE GAZETTE office last week, will no doubt create quite a sensation in amateur athletic circles. It explains itself:

ROSCARRECK, County Cork, Ireland, December 3, 1889.

TO THE EDITOR POLICE GAZETTE.—Sir: Kindly allow me space in your world-wide known paper to lay before the sporting public of America the treatment accorded two of the Irish team, T. M. O'Binner and myself, over the meeting held on the Manhattan Athletic Club grounds, Oct. 13, 1888, at which we both won two championships, viz.: the high jump and 440 yards, but never since received the medals for any of the events named. I have written repeatedly to Mr. Storm and Mr. Sachs and all the prominent members of the Manhattan Athletic Club, not one of whom would condescend to reply to my letters. It is now fourteen months since we won the events, and, as they don't seem even to notice my letters, I think it due to the athletes of your country who have been over to Ireland to publish these facts and leave them to compare this treatment of us by the Manhattan athletes to that accorded them when over in this country, and I believe they will be rather surprised to learn that such is the treatment given members of the Irish team after the hospitality shown them when over here. They ought not to forget the reception given them by the Irish, many miles before they even got sight of the Emerald Isle, not to mind how they were treated the moment they put their foot on shore. The least the Mannhattans may do is to leave O'Binner and myself know are we to get what we lawfully won. Thanking you kindly, sir, for inserting the above, I remain yours truly,

T. J. O'MAHONEY.

CALIFORNIA SPORTING NOTES.

[FROM OUR SAN FRANCISCO CORRESPONDENT.]

Jack Dempsey and Billy McCarthy have gone into training for their fight at the California Athletic Club, which will take place in the latter part of January. McCarthy is working at Tiburon, while Dempsey has again selected Neptune Gardens, Alameda. Nothing could tempt Dempsey to desert his friend, Johnny Groll.

Recently at San Diego, Cal., Billy Manding of Chicago, and Tommy Singleton, of San Diego, fought, and after a bloody battle of 15 rounds Singleton knocked his man out, winning the purse of \$100.

Billy Smith, who defeated Glover, was offered a chance at a purse of \$300, \$100 to the loser, for a 10-round go with Joe Choyinski on the night of the Murphy-Weir fight. He was also asked if he would consent to fight to a draw for a purse of \$1,000 if required to do so. Smith demurred at the size of the purse and the California Club people dropped the matter entirely.

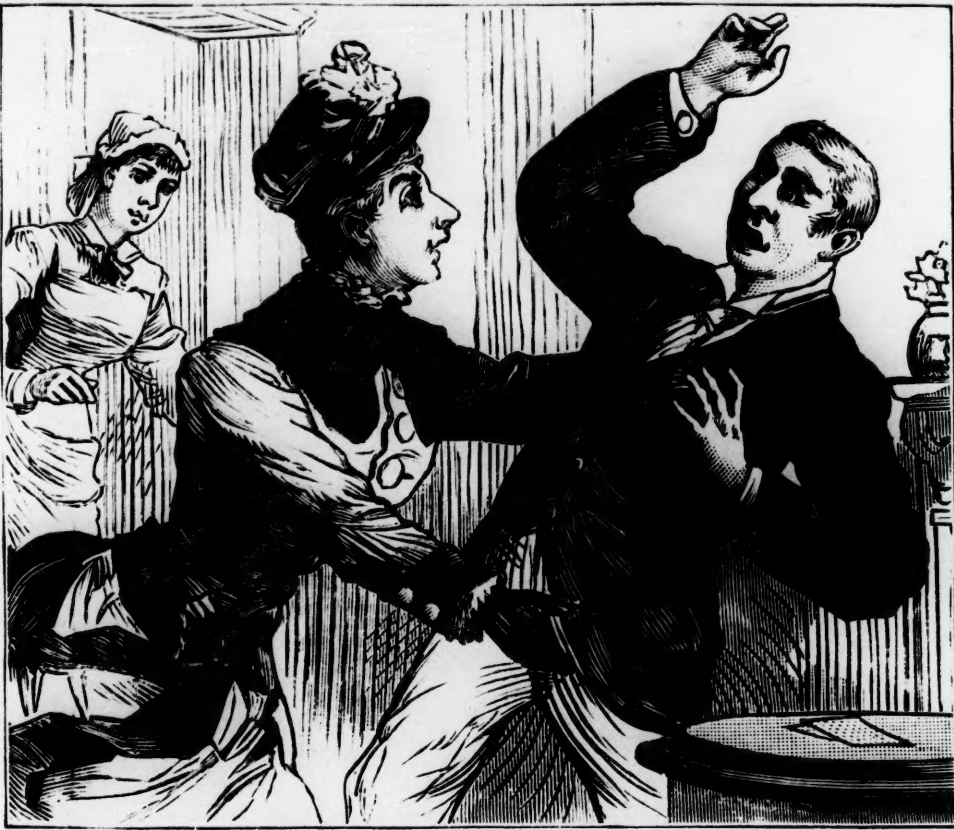
A party of sports and business men of Victoria met recently and pledged \$30,000 if the Sullivan-Jackson fight takes place there. The money will be deposited in the Bank of British Columbia. A telegram has been sent to Sullivan and Parson Davies.

The Golden Gate Club have concluded to give George Mulholland another chance, and recently matched him for a 10-round go with Jimmie Griffin, the St. Paul light-weight, the event to take place on the night of the Connolly and McCarthy fight.

ANOTHER BLACK BOXER.

A slashing glove contest was fought at East End, London, Eng., recently, between Alf Bowman, who is 5 feet 10 inches in height and weighs 157 pounds, and Jim Haines, a colored pugilist standing 5 feet 8½ inches in height and weighing 164 pounds. Ten rounds were fought, and in the last round Haines went to work in a determined manner, but Bowman slipped him on several occasions and landed with his favorite left on the head, but when it came to fighting the extra weight of the darky was beginning to tell a tale, but although the latter more than held his own towards the finish, he could not rub off the lead gained by Bowman in the middle of the contest, and the amateur was accordingly declared the winner, the decision being received with manifestations of the wildest joy by the wise men of the East.

The POLICE GAZETTE boxing gloves. All professional and amateur boxers recommend them. Send for price list to Richard K. Fox, Franklin Square, New York.



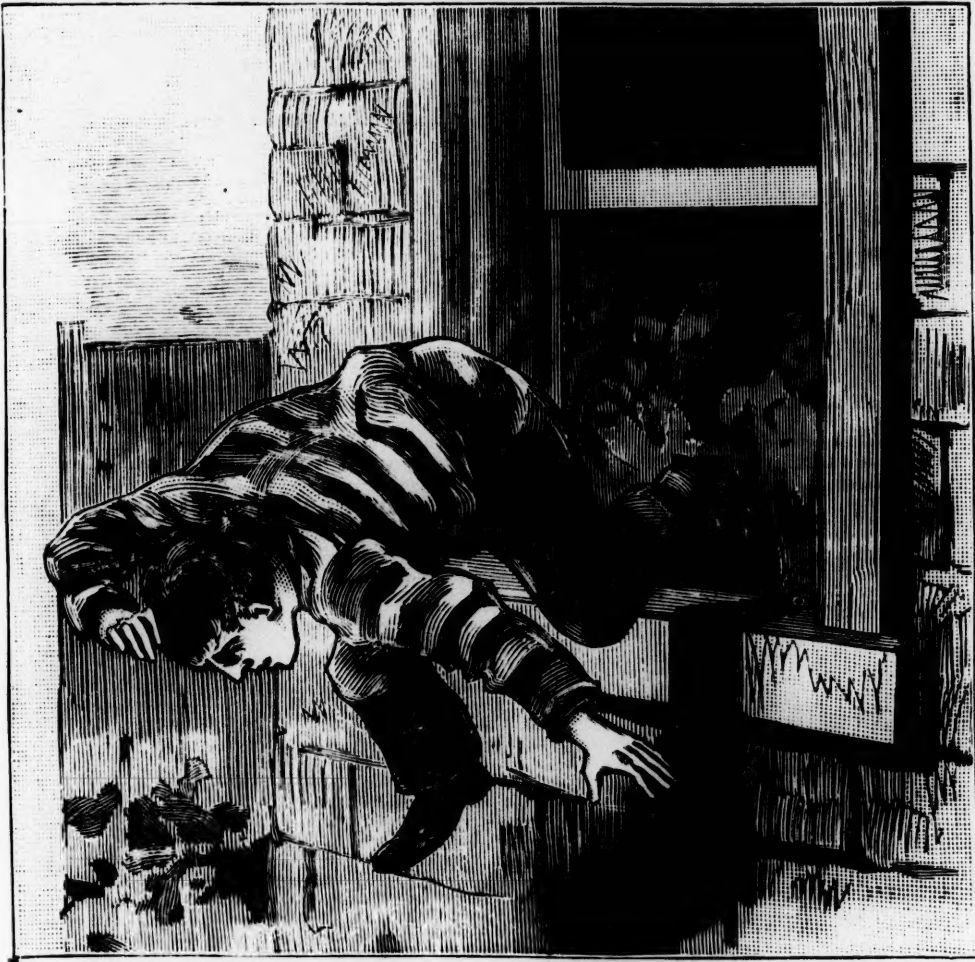
A THIRTY YEARS' SEARCH ENDED.

MRS. WARREN, OF ENGLAND, SCOURS THE UNITED STATES FOR HER HUSBAND AND FINALLY FINDS HIM IN COHOES, N. Y.



DID HE GET HIS DESERTS?

JULIUS HOFER, A BARKERVILLE, MO., FARM HAND IS SHOT DEAD BY MISS LULU EPPERSON FOR BEING TOO FRESH.



PREFERRED DEATH TO IMPRISONMENT.

JOHN WELCH, A JEFFERSON CITY, MO., CONVICT, JUMPS FROM THE PRISON WINDOW AND ROLLS INTO INSTANT IMMORTALITY.



A MONKEY AND DOG TIME.

THE NOVEL BAITING MATCH IN VAN WERT, OHIO, BETWEEN A MARION GORILLA AND A FORT WAYNE, INDIANA, CANINE.



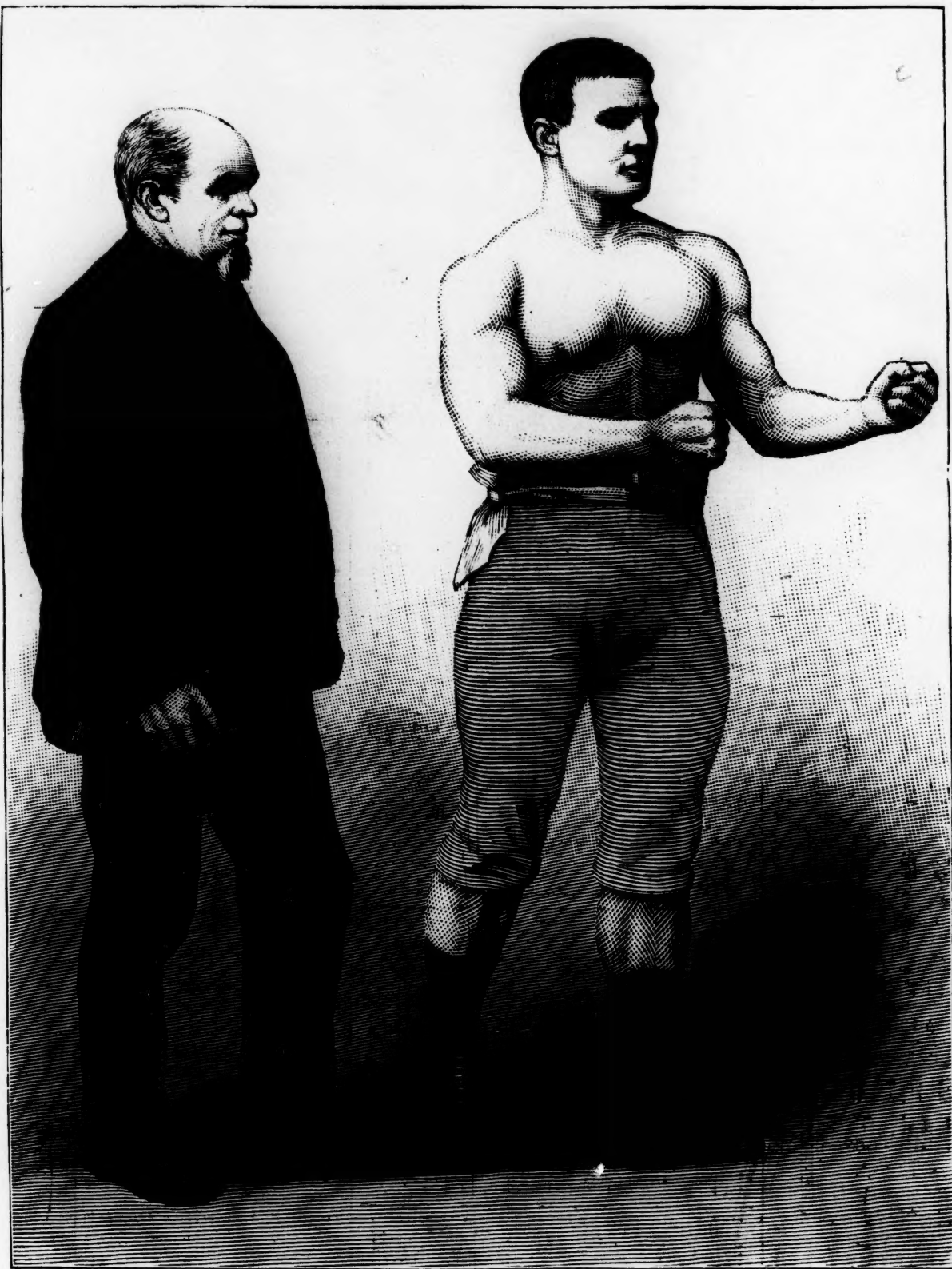
"MARKS" ATTACKED IN EARNEST.

WILLIAM CRANDALL IS GRABBED ON A POTTSTOWN, PA., STAGE BY AN UNAPPRECIATIVE "UNCLE TOM'S CABIN" BLOODHOUND.



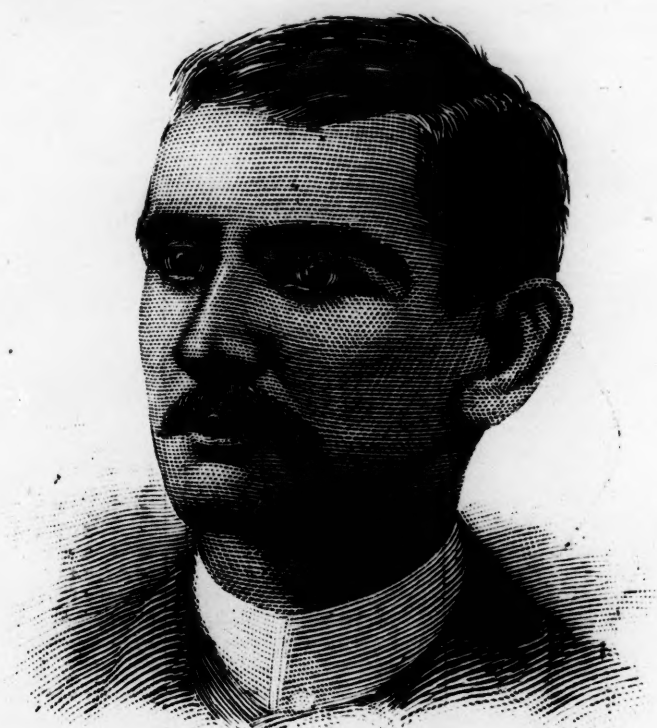
HER LEG BROKEN.

MISS THERESA KRUNKMEYER, OF FORT MADISON, IOWA, ESSAYS TO WALK ON STILTS AND MEETS WITH A MISHAP.



JEM SMITH AND JEM HOWES.

THE CHAMPION PUGILIST OF ENGLAND AND HIS WORLD-FAMED TRAINER AS THEY APPEARED WHILE PREPARING TO MEET FRANK P. SLAVIN.



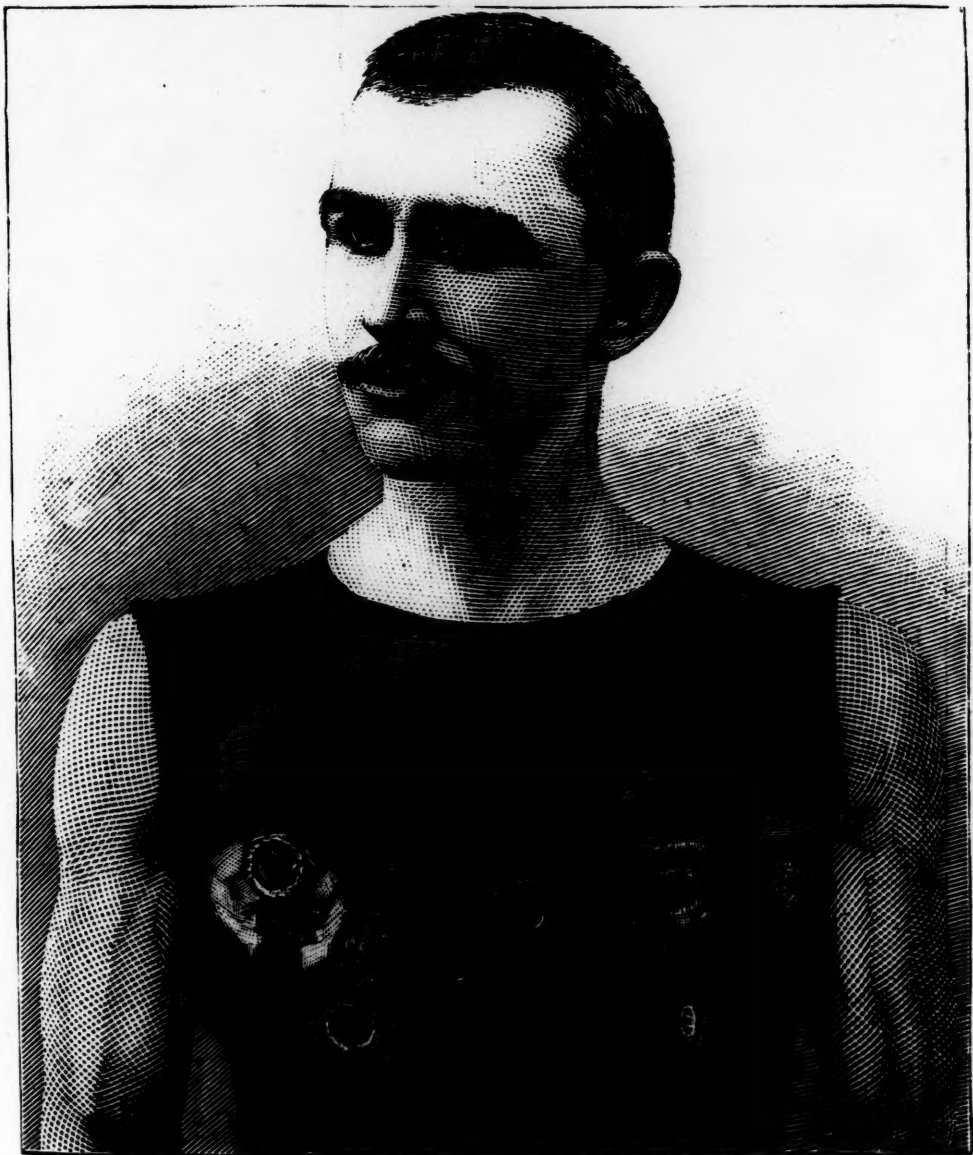
BACKS THE RACES.

BARNEY ALLEN, ONE OF THE ANTIPODES' FOREMOST BOOK-MAKERS AND PATRON OF THE TURF.



A NOTED 'CYCLIST.

WILLIAM G. SCHACK, A WELL-KNOWN MANIPULATOR OF THE STEEL STEED, OF BUFFALO, N. Y.



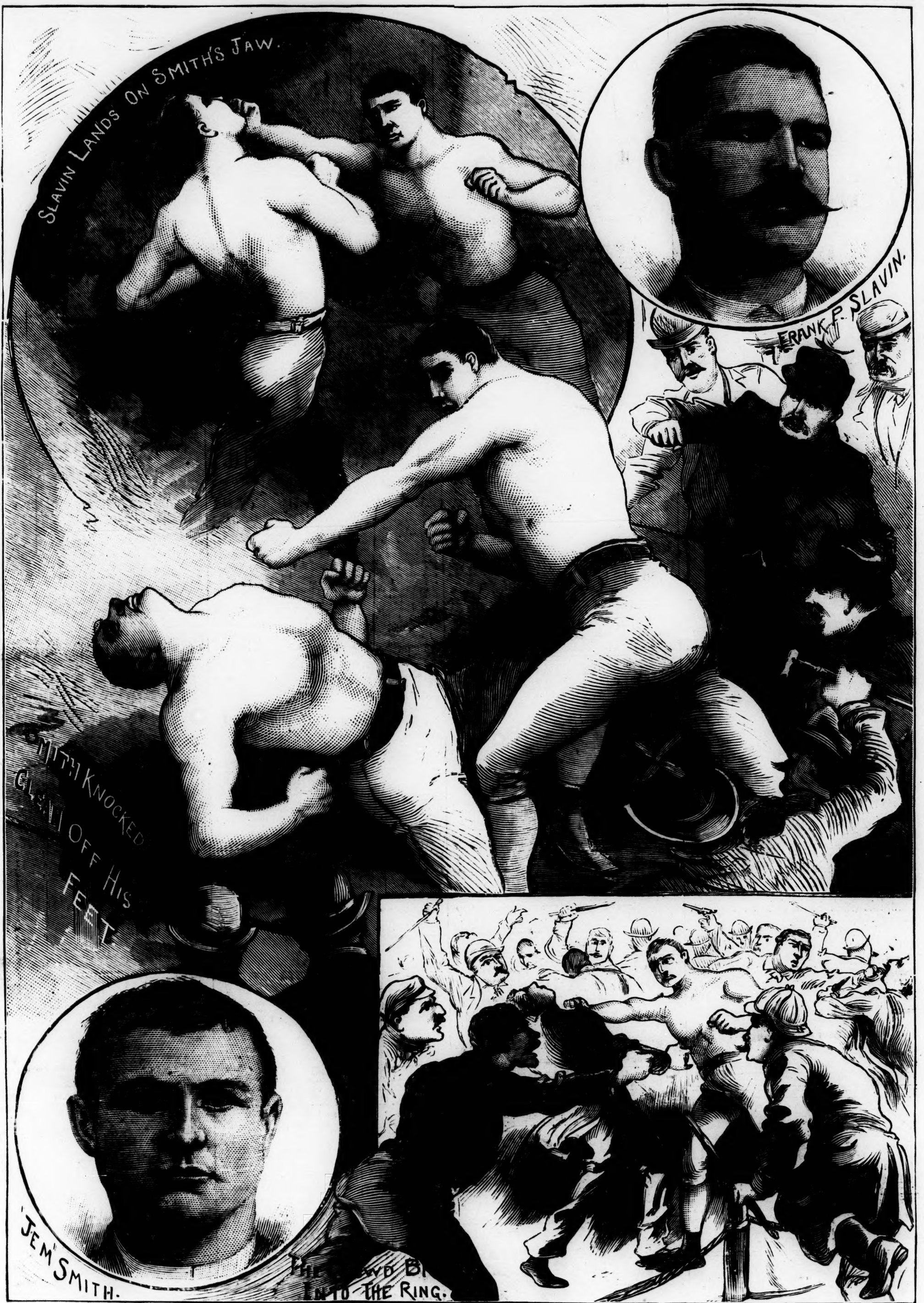
AN ALL-ROUND ATHLETE.

JOHN C. MEYERS, OF ST. LOUIS, MO., FENCER, SWIMMER, VAULTER, RUNNER, WEIGHT-LIFTER, AND GOOD FELLOW GENERALLY.



A NOTED OARSMAN.

JAMES STANSBURY, OF SHOALHAVEN, NEW SOUTH WALES, WHO IS ANXIOUS TO BOW FOR THE CHAMPIONSHIP CUP.



THAT BRUGES, BELGIUM, FIZZLE.

THE MONKEY AND PARROT TIME THAT FRANK P. SLAVIN, OF AUSTRALIA, HAD WITH JEM SMITH, OF ENGLAND, ON DEC. 23, 1889.